

From the N. Y. Albion.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO.

GENERAL Waddy Thompson, lately the American plenipotentiary to the republic of Mexico, has just given to the world his recollections of that beautiful and interesting country. It is an octavo volume, published by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, and issued in London and New York.

We do not know when we have been more interested than while perusing this volume. It is written without effort or pretension, bearing marks of being struck off with true Virginian impulse, rather than finished with elaborate authorship; but its interest is nevertheless kept up through every chapter, and the author has contrived to throw a great deal of popular information into its pages. Nor is this all; Mr. Thompson writes in a free and liberal spirit; gives much credit to the Mexicans as a people, and portrays their magnificent country in favorable colors. He is remarkably proud of his own race, and religiously believes that the Anglo-Saxons are destined to conquer the whole continent with their—civilization. He entered freely into the society of the British merchants he found in the capital of Mexico, and disabused his mind of the pernicious notion that England was anxious to acquire any part of the dominions of that republic. He has wisdom enough to see that England has territory in abundance—that her object is to improve what she already possesses, rather than to acquire more. Trade and commerce she cherishes—these are her compass and polar star—and they will assuredly lead her to the haven of prosperity. Like every Virginian gentleman we have ever met with, Mr. Thompson glories in his English ancestry. “I would not sell,” he says, “for the seas’ worth my share of the glory of my English ancestry—Milton, Shakspeare, and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede.” Thus much for the author; and we need not tell our readers how delightful it is to travel over three hundred pages with such a companion.

Mr. T. assumes that the produce of precious metals from the mines are as great, or nearly so, as at any former period. This we did not think was the case. We agree with him, however, in believing that they are far less profitable, owing to the expensive nature of the machinery now employed by the English miners, and also in consequence of the high price of quicksilver. The dearthness of this latter article is, as Mr. Thompson describes, owing to the monopoly of the Rothschilds, who rent the mines of Almadin, in old Spain. From the mines of Almadin come nine tenths of all the quicksilver of commerce; and these mines are farmed out by the cabinet of Madrid to the capitalists just named at an enormous rental, which is, of course, put on the selling price of the commodity. Not only does this circumstance add to the cost of producing the gold and silver, but it lessens the quantity prepared for the mint—the less valuable ores being cast aside as not being worth the quicksilver employed to separate the metallic portion of the mass. So long, then, as the necessities or the policy of the Spanish cabinet continue

to put such a tax on quicksilver, so long will the precious metals bear a very enhanced cost in producing them. The monopoly then, it is clear, is not strictly with the Rothschilds, but with the Spanish government. Mr. Thompson adduces the following figures.

Baron Humboldt gives the gross produce of the mines of Mexico from 1690 to 1803 as \$1,358,452,020, or about twelve millions per annum.

The highest product was in 1796, when the mines yielded \$25,644,566.

Mr. Ward states the annual produce for a few years prior to 1810 at per annum \$24,000,000.

During the revolutionary struggle the produce fell to three millions annually. In 1842 the official custom house returns give \$18,500,000.

As there is an export duty of six per cent. on all the precious metals, much is sent out of the country clandestinely, say some three or four millions; thus bringing up the whole amount to, or nearly so, its original standard.

It is gratifying to learn that the Mexicans are not so irretrievably sunk in ignorance as many suppose. Mr. Thompson says that during his residence at the capital he never had a Mexican servant that was not able to read and write. Persons from the country, too, were generally able to read the signs over the shops in the streets of Mexico. The Lancasterian system, it seems, has been very generally introduced, and is working a favorable change in the rising generation. Mr. Thompson attributes the introduction of these schools to the patriotic exertions of Signor Tornel. Let us hope that good fruit will by-and-by grow from this seed; that the people may become enlightened and duly sensible of their own advantages; that party feuds be superseded by true patriotism, and thus an end be put to those frequent and deadly civil contests that distract the mind and tear the bosom of the country.

We have given among other extracts the entire chapter on California; and Mr. Thompson affirms that such is the value of that country that he would rather have twenty years’ war than see England in possession of it! If it be worth twenty years’ war to the United States it may be worth twenty years’ war to England. Would it not be better, then, that neither should have it, or that it become independent? Or would it not be better still, that both England and the United States make an effort to preserve the country to its proper owner, Mexico; and that Mexico in return for such assistance make all the valuable harbors free ports? This seems to us to be the more rational mode of dealing with such a bone of contention, and we feel pretty confident that the European powers will so consider it. But although Mr. Thompson is thus anxious that California should not pass to another power, he by no means betrays any improper craving for Mexican territory, for he closes his twenty-first chapter with the following honorable and noble-minded paragraph.

“It is risking very little to say that if Mexico was inhabited by our race, that the produce of the mines would be at least five times as great as it now is. There is not a mine which would not be worked, and as many more new ones discovered.

In five years, with such a population, and only of an equal number with that which Mexico now has, I do not hesitate to assert that the mineral and agricultural exports alone would nearly equal all the exports of any other country of the world. The last time I examined the tables upon that subject, the whole exports of the produce of British labor was about two hundred and sixty millions of dollars per annum. Mexico, in the possession of another race, would approach that amount in ten years. Recent manifestations of a rabid, I will not say a rapacious, spirit of acquisition of more territory on the part of our countrymen may well cause a race so inferior in all the elements of power and greatness to tremble for the tenure by which they hold this El Dorado. 'Tis not often, with nations at least, that such temptations are resisted, or that 'danger winks on opportunity.' I trust, however, that our maxim will ever be—'Noble ends by worthy means attained,' and that we may remember that wealth improperly acquired never ultimately benefited an individual or a nation."

## EXTRACTS.

Kindness and Courtesy—Society of Dinner Parties and Entertainments—Mexican Ladies wanting in Beauty—Do not dance well—Charity—Routine of daily life—Coarseness of Dress—in the streets—Women generally smoke—A day in the Country.

"Notwithstanding the general prejudice which existed in Mexico against me when I first went there, I was treated, although somewhat coldly, always and by all classes with the most perfect respect. In this particular the higher classes of all countries are very much alike, but I doubt whether there is any other country where the middling and lower classes are so generally courteous and polite. There is no country where kindness and courtesy are more certain to meet with a proper return. It may be that three hundred years of vassalage to their Spanish masters may have given the Indian population an habitual deference and respect for a race which they have always regarded as a superior one. No people are by nature more social, none less so in their habits. It is not the fashion to give entertainments of any sort. And what I regarded as a little remarkable, the members of the Mexican cabinet, most of whom were men of fortune and had ample means at hand, not only never gave entertainments, even dinner parties to the members of the diplomatic corps, but never even invited them to their houses—when invited to such parties however by any of the foreign ministers, they never failed to accept the invitation. With any other people there would be a seeming meanness in this. But such was not the case. No people are more liberal in the expenditure of money. General Santa Anna had two very large dinner parties whilst I was in Mexico, and two or three balls; but I heard of nothing else of the kind, except at the houses of the foreign ministers. Santa Anna's dinners were altogether elegant, and he presided at them with great dignity and propriety. On such occasions he was joyous and hilarious. The company, without exception, had the appearance and manners of gentlemen; I sat next to him on these occasions, and his aides-de-camp, who were not seated at the table, would occasionally come to his seat and say some playful thing to him. I was much struck with the style and intercourse between them; marked by an affectionate kindness on his part, and the utmost respect, but at the same time freedom from restraint, on theirs.

"His balls were very numerous attended. The company was by no means select. In fact I saw there very few of the ladies belonging to the aristocracy; but very many others who had no business there. This, however, is unavoidable in a revolutionary country like Mexico. Every President holds his power by no other tenure than the caprice of the army, and he is forced, therefore, to conciliate it. If a corporal, who has married the daughter of the washerwoman of the regiment, has risen to the highest station in the army, his wife cannot be slighted with safety—and such cases have occurred.

"I wish that I could in sincerity say that the ladies of Mexico are handsome. They are not, nor yet are they ugly. Their manners, however, are perfect; and in the great attributes of the heart, affection, kindness and benevolence in all their forms, they have no superiors. They are eminently graceful in everything but dancing. That does not 'come by nature,' as we have the authority of Dogberry that reading and writing do; and they are rarely taught to dance, and still more rarely practise it.

"I think that in another, and the most important point in the character of woman, they are very much slandered. I am quite sure that there is no city in Europe of the same size where there is less immorality. Indeed, I cannot see how such a thing is possible. Every house in Mexico has but one outside door, and a porter always at that. The old system of the duenna, and a constant espionage, are observed by every one, and to an extent that would scarcely be believed. I have no doubt, however, that whatever other effects these restraints may have, their moral influence is not a good one. The virtue which they secure is of the sickly nature of hot-house plants, which wither and perish when exposed to the weather. Women, instead of being taught to regard certain acts as impossible to be committed, and therefore not apprehended or guarded against, are brought up with an idea that the temptation of opportunity is one which is never resisted.

"I do not think that the ladies of Mexico are generally very well educated. There are, however, some shining exceptions. Mrs. Almonte, the wife of General Almonte, would be regarded as an accomplished lady in any country. The Mexicans, of either sex, are not a reading people. The ladies read very little.

"The general routine of female life is to rise late, and spend the larger portion of the day standing in their open windows, which extend to the floor. It would be a safe bet at any hour of the day between ten and five o'clock, that you would in walking the streets see one or more females standing thus at the windows of more than half the houses. At five they ride on the Paseo, and then go to the theatre, where they remain until twelve o'clock, and the next day, and every day in the year, repeat the same routine. In this dolce far niente their whole lives pass away. But I repeat that in many of the qualities of the heart which make women lovely and loved; they have no superiors.

"The war of independence was illustrated with many instances of female virtue of a romantic character, one of which I will mention. And I again regret that I have forgotten the name of the noble woman whose virtue and love of country were so severely tested. The lady to whom I refer had two sons, each of whom was in command of a detachment of the patriot army. One of them was

made prisoner, and the Spanish general into whose hands he had fallen, sent for his mother and said to her, 'If you will induce your other son to surrender his army to me, I will spare the life of the one who is my prisoner.' Her instant reply was, 'No! I will not purchase the life of one son with the dishonor of another and the ruin of my country.' This fact is historic, and is more true than history generally is.

"The ladies of Mexico dress with great extravagance, and I suppose a greater profusion of 'pearl and gold'—I will not say more barbaric—than in any other country. I remember that at a ball at the President's, Mr. Bocanegra asked me what I thought of the Mexican ladies; were they as handsome as my own countrywomen? I of course avoided answering the question; I told him, however, that they were very graceful, and dressed much finer than our ladies. He said he supposed so, and then asked me what I thought the material of the dresses of two ladies which he pointed out had cost; and then told me that he had happened to hear his wife and daughters speaking of them, and that the material of the dresses, blonde, I think, had cost one thousand dollars each. I asked on the same occasion, a friend of mine who was a merchant, what he supposed was the cost of an ornament for the head thickly set with diamonds of the Señora A. G. He told me that he knew very well, for he had imported it for her, and that the price was twenty-five thousand dollars; she wore other diamonds and pearls no doubt of equal value.

"I have said that there are very rarely anything like evening parties, or tertullias; social meetings, or calls to spend an evening are quite as unusual, except among very near relations, and even then the restraint and espionage are not at all relaxed. Persons who have seen each other, and been attached for years, often meet at the altar without ever having spent half an hour in each other's company. Ladies of the better classes never walk the streets except on one day in the year, the day before Good Friday, I believe it is. But they make the most of this their saturnalia; on that day all the fashionable streets are crowded with them, in their best 'bibs and tuckers,' and glittering in diamonds.

"The streets are always, however, swarming with women of the middling and lower classes. The only articles of dress worn by these are a chemise and petticoat, satin slippers, but no stockings, and a rebozo, a long shawl improperly called by our ladies a mantilla. This they wear over the head and wrapped close around the chin, and thrown over the left shoulder. Whatever they may be in private, no people can be more observant of propriety in public; one may walk the streets of Mexico for a year, and he will not see a wanton gesture or look on the part of a female of any description, with the single exception, that if you meet a woman with a fine bust, which they are very apt to have, she finds some occasion to adjust her rebozo, and throws it open for a second. This rebozo answers all the purposes of the shawl, bonnet and frock-body.

"The women of Mexico, I think, generally smoke; it is getting to be regarded as not exactly *comme il faut*, and therefore they do it privately. As the men generally smoke, they have the advantage which Dean Swift recommends to all who eat onions, to make their sweethearts do so too.

"One of the favorite and most pleasant recreations of the Mexicans is what they call *un dio de campo*, a day in the country. A party is made up

to spend the day at Tacubaya, or some other of the neighboring villages, or at some house in the suburbs of the city, where a dinner is prepared, and a band of music sent out; and the day and a large portion of the night spent in dancing. Never have I seen a more joyous and hilarious people than they are on these occasions.

"I shall never forget one of these parties which was given to General Almonte, just before he left Mexico on his mission to this country. It was a genuine, roistering, country frolic. We got into boats, and with the music playing, were rowed for some distance by moonlight, in the canal which terminates in the Lake of Chalco, and then amongst the Chinampas or floating gardens, which are now nothing more than shaking bogs. The very thin stratum of soil which had formed on the water of the lake is made more unsteady, when a small space of an acre or two is surrounded by a canal. There are now none of the floating gardens described by the conquerors, which were formed by artificial means, and moved about from one part of the lake to another.

"The men who are met in the streets, are almost exclusively officers and soldiers of the army, priests and leporos, the latter quite as useful, and much the least burdensome and pernicious of the three classes. The Mexicans of the better classes generally wear cloth cloaks at all seasons of the year, and the Indian blankets; for ornament, I suppose, for the weather is never cold enough to make either necessary. One thing, however, I could never account for, I did not feel uncomfortably cold in a linen coat, nor uncomfortably warm with my cloak on. All the physical peculiarities of the Indians of Mexico are precisely the same as those of our own Indians; they are, however, much smaller. Their appearance is very much the same in all respects as those of the straggling Indians who are seen about our cities; nothing of the elastic step and proud bearing of our natives of the forest. Such a noble looking fellow as the Seminole Chief, Wild Cat, would create a sensation there; he might possibly get up a *pronunciamento*—I have no doubt he would attempt it. In a word, I am by no means sure that in exchanging the peculiar civilization which existed in the time of Montezuma for that which the Spaniards gave them, that they have improved the condition of the masses; they have lost little of the former but its virtues, and acquired little of the latter but its vices. I have already remarked that, although there are no political distinctions amongst the various castes of the population of Mexico, that the social distinctions are very marked. At one of those large assemblies at the President's palace, it is very rare to see a lady whose color indicates any impurity of blood. The same remark is, to a great extent, true of the gentlemen, but there are also a good many exceptions.

#### FRIENDSHIP WITH ENGLISHMEN.

"The generous and honorable sentiment so well expressed by the Englishwoman of Puebla leads me to remark that my residence in Mexico furnished me more evidences than one, of the powerful sympathy of race. Even the revengeful character of the Spaniard yields to it. Notwithstanding the recent termination of the fierce and sanguinary civil war which has raged between Mexico and the mother country, no other people are so favorably regarded by the Mexicans as the Spaniards. And I can say with truth that I never met an Englishman there that I did not feel the full



force of "the white skin and the English language"—and I had no cause to believe that the same feeling was not entertained towards me by the English gentlemen in Mexico; and why, in God's name, should it be otherwise! I would not sell "for the seas' worth," my share of the glory of my English ancestry, Milton, Shakspeare, and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede; and on the other hand, Englishmen should have a just pride in the prosperity and greatness of our country. In the beautiful language of a highly-gifted and liberal-minded Englishman, Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, "whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, parochial, legal or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin; she is and must continue the mighty daughter of a mighty parent, and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinities of race remain unaltered. Her disgrace must dishonor their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown gratify the parental pride of Britain. Accursed be the vile demagogue who would wantonly excite another and fratricidal war between the two greatest and only free countries of the earth!"

I should not satisfy my own feelings if I were not to notice here the circle of English merchants, who reside in Mexico. I have nowhere met a worthier set of gentlemen—enlightened, hospitable and generous. I can with great truth say, that the most pleasant hours which I have spent in Mexico were in their society, and I shall never cease to remember them with kindness and respect. I now and then met with a little of the John Bull jealousy of this country, but I playfully told them that I could pardon that—that it was altogether natural, for that the English flag had waved on every sea and continent on the face of the globe, and that for the last thousand years it had rarely, if ever, been lowered to an equal force, except in conflicts with us, where its fate had always been to come down. I believe that I may say that their greatest objection to me was, that I was rather too fond of talking of General Jackson and New Orleans. There is no single name which an Englishman so little likes to hear as that of General Jackson, and none so grateful to the ears of an American in a foreign land, only excepting that of Washington. I do not doubt that it will be known and remembered long after that of every other American who has gone before him, except Washington and Franklin, is swallowed up in the vortex of oblivion. I have been the political opponent of General Jackson, and should be so now upon the same questions. I believe that he committed some very great errors, but that he did all in honor and patriotism. I have at the same time always had a just admiration for his many great qualities and glorious achievements, and I should pity the American who could hear his name mentioned in a foreign land without feeling his pulse beat *higher*.

#### CALIFORNIA.

The California Question—Captain Suter's Settlement—Value of the country—Importance to the United States—English influence in Mexico—Annexation of Mexican provinces to the United States—Present relations.

I confess that in taking the high ground which I did upon the order expelling our people from California, that I felt some compunctious visitings, for I had been informed that a plot had been arranged and was about being developed by the Americans

and other foreigners in that department to reenact the scenes of Texas. I had been consulted whether in the event of a revolution in California, and its successful result in a separation from Mexico, our government would consent to surrender their claims to Oregon, and that Oregon and California should constitute an independent republic. I of course had no authority to answer the question, and I would not have done so if I could.

The inhabitants of California are for the most part Indians, a large proportion naked savages, who not only have no sympathies with Mexico but the most decided antipathy.

Mexico has no troops there, and the distance of the department prevents any being sent.

Captain Suter, who was one of Bonaparte's officers, and, I believe, is a Swiss, has for many years had an establishment there, and is the real sovereign of the country if any one is, certainly so *de facto* if not *de jure*. The government of Mexico has done none of those things, such as settlement, extending her laws, and affording protection, which alone give to a civilized people a right to the country of a savage one. As to all these, the natives of California are as much indebted to any other nation as to Mexico; they only know the government of Mexico by the exactions and tribute which are levied upon them—it is literally a waif, and belongs to the first occupant. Captain Suter has two forts in California, and about two thousand persons, natives and Europeans, in his employment, all of them armed and regularly drilled. I have no doubt that his force would be more than a match for any Mexican force which will ever be sent against him. He has once or twice been ordered to deliver up his forts, and his laconic reply has been "Come and take them."

From all the information which I have received, and I have been inquisitive upon the subject, I am well satisfied that there is not on this continent any country of the same extent as little desirable as Oregon, nor any in the world which combines as many advantages as California. With the exception of the valley of the Wallamette, there is scarcely any portion of Oregon which is inhabitable except for that most worthless of all—a hunting population—and the valley of the Wallamette is of very small extent. In the south the only port is at the Columbia river, and that is no port at all, as the loss of the Peacock, and others of our vessels, has proved. To say nothing of other harbors in California, that of San Francisco is capacious enough for the navies of the world, and its shores are covered with enough timber (a species of the live oak) to build those navies. If man were to ask of God a climate he would ask just such an one as that of California, if he had ever been there. There is no portion of our western country which produces all the grains as well; I have been told by more than one person on whom I entirely relied, that they had known whole fields to produce—a quantity so incredible that I will not state it. The whole face of the country is covered with the finest oats growing wild; sugar, rice and cotton, find there their own congenial climate. Besides all these, the richest mines of gold and silver have been discovered there, and the pearl fisheries have always been sources of the largest profits; and more than these, there are the markets of India and China with nothing intervening but the calm and stormless Pacific ocean.

The distance from the head of navigation on the Arkansas and Red rivers to a navigable point of



the waters of the Gulf of California is not more than five or six hundred miles ; let that distance be overcome by a railroad, and what a vista is opened to the prosperity and power of our country. I have no doubt that the time will come when New Orleans will be the greatest city in the world. That period would be incalculably hastened by the measures which I have indicated, which would throw into her lap the vast commerce of China and of India. Great Britain, with that wise and far-seeing policy for which she is more remarkable than any other government, has already the practical possession of most of the ports of the Pacific ocean—New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, and very soon the Society Islands also. We have a commerce in that ocean of more than fifty millions of dollars, and not a single place of refuge for our ships.

I will not say what is our policy in regard to California. Perhaps it is that it remain in the hands of a weak power like Mexico, and that all the maritime powers may have the advantage of its ports. But one thing I will say, that it will be worth a war of twenty years to prevent England acquiring it, which I have the best reasons for believing she desires to do, and just as good reasons for believing that she will not do it if it cost a war with this country. It is, perhaps, too remote from us to become a member of the Union. It is yet doubtful whether the increase of our territory will have a federal or a centralizing tendency. If the latter, we have too much territory ; and I am by no means sure that another sister republic there, with the same language, liberty and laws, will not, upon the whole, be the best for us. If united in one government, the extremities may be so remote as not to receive a proper heat from the centre—so, at least, thought Mr. Jefferson, who was inspired on political questions if mortal man ever was. I am not one of those who have a rabid craving for more territory ; on the contrary, I believe that we have enough. I know of no great people who have not been crowded into a small space—the Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, and another people who have exercised a greater influence upon man and his destiny than all others, the Jews ; and, in our time, the English. I want no more territory, for we have already too much. If I were to make an exception to this remark, it would be to acquire California. But I should grieve to see that country pass into the hands of England, or any other of the great powers.

Whenever the foreigners in California make the movement of separation, it must succeed. The department of Sonora, not half the distance from Mexico, has been in a state of revolt for the last four years, and the government has been unable to suppress it. The civil war there has been marked by acts of horrible atrocity, which are almost without precedent in any country. It is true that they do not eat the flesh of their enemies, but they leave them hanging on the trees to feast the birds of prey. There is scarcely a road in the whole department where such spectacles are not daily exhibited.

There is a great mistake, I think, in the opinion which is general in this country of the great ascendancy of English influence in Mexico. It is true that Mr. Pakenham had much influence there, which his great worth and frank and honorable character will give him anywhere ; but my opinion is, that the general feeling of the Mexicans

towards the English is unfriendly. They have a well-grounded jealousy of the great and increasing power which their large capital gives them ; and, if the feelings of the Mexican people were consulted, or the opinions of their most enlightened men, England is the very last power to which the Mexicans would transfer California, or any other portion of their territory. I am quite sure that they would prefer that it should be an independent power, than to have any connection or dependence of any sort upon England. The most valuable of the Mexican mines are owned and worked by English companies, and at least two-thirds of the specie which is exported goes into the hands of the English. The British government keeps two officers, or agents, in Mexico, with high salaries, to attend to this interest alone. It is with the money thus derived that the English establishments on this continent and in the West Indies are supported.

The amount of the specie annually obtained from Mexico is more than half as great as that which is kept at one time in the Bank of England. The stoppage of this supply would very much derange the whole monetary system of England ; on this account, it is to be apprehended that in the event of a war between the United States and Mexico, that England would very soon be involved in it. If the coast of Mexico should be blockaded, England will demand that the line of steam-packets to Vera Cruz should be exempted from its operations. These packets, although commercial vessels, possess a sort of quasi government character. This, of course, our government could not concede ; and the interruption of the regular supply of the precious metals from Mexico would be most disastrously felt in England. Knowing all this, I was well satisfied that all that we have heard about England stimulating Mexico to declare war against this country was ridiculously absurd. Such a war would injure England more than either of the belligerents. All her interests are opposed to it, unless, indeed, she intended to participate in that war. I have the best reasons for saying, that there is no other power in the world with which England would not prefer to engage in a war ; not that she fears us, for England fears no nation, nor combination of nations, as all her history proves ; but such a war would be, more than any other, disastrous to her commercial, manufacturing, and all other industrial pursuits.

England has no single motive of a war with us. It is not of this country that she is jealous, but of the northern despotisms of Europe, and mainly of Russia, and has been so since the seizure of the fortress of Aczaco, in 1788. And well may England and all Europe tremble under the shadow of that terrible military despotism now holding one-eighth of the territory of the globe, and continually extending its limits and its power. All the wars of the present century which have weakened other European powers have resulted in the aggrandizement of Russia. The government is not only a despotism, but essentially a military despotism. The studies in which her people are educated are principally those of war and diplomacy. Russia and the United States are antipodes and antagonists. The wise and far seeing statesmen of England see this and calculate as well they may, upon our sympathy, in a conflict with Russia. I repeat, England wants no war with us, although we may force her into one. "That old and

force of "the white skin and the English language"—and I had no cause to believe that the same feeling was not entertained towards me by the English gentlemen in Mexico; and why, in God's name, should it be otherwise? I would not sell "for the seas' worth," my share of the glory of my English ancestry, Milton, Shakspeare, and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede; and on the other hand, Englishmen should have a just pride in the prosperity and greatness of our country. In the beautiful language of a highly-gifted and liberal-minded Englishman, Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, "whether we view the commercial enterprise of America, or her language, her love of freedom, parochial, legal or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin; she is and must continue the mighty daughter of a mighty parent, and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinities of race remain unaltered. Her disgrace must dishonor their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown gratify the parental pride of Britain. Accursed be the vile demagogue who would wantonly excite another and fratricidal war between the two greatest and only free countries of the earth!"

I should not satisfy my own feelings if I were not to notice here the circle of English merchants, who reside in Mexico. I have nowhere met a worthier set of gentlemen—enlightened, hospitable and generous. I can with great truth say, that the most pleasant hours which I have spent in Mexico were in their society, and I shall never cease to remember them with kindness and respect. I now and then met with a little of the John Bull jealousy of this country, but I playfully told them that I could pardon that—that it was altogether natural, for that the English flag had waved on every sea and continent on the face of the globe, and that for the last thousand years it had rarely, if ever, been lowered to an equal force, except in conflicts with us, where its fate had always been to come down. I believe that I may say that their greatest objection to me was, that I was rather too fond of talking of General Jackson and New Orleans. There is no single name which an Englishman so little likes to hear as that of General Jackson, and none so grateful to the ears of an American in a foreign land, only excepting that of Washington. I do not doubt that it will be known and remembered long after that of every other American who has gone before him, except Washington and Franklin, is swallowed up in the vortex of oblivion. I have been the political opponent of General Jackson, and should be so now upon the same questions. I believe that he committed some very great errors, but that he did all in honor and patriotism. I have at the same time always had a just admiration for his many great qualities and glorious achievements, and I should pity the American who could hear his name mentioned in a foreign land without feeling his pulse beat higher.

#### CALIFORNIA.

The California Question—Captain Suter's Settlement—Value of the country—Importance to the United States—English influence in Mexico—Annexation of Mexican provinces to the United States—Present relations.

I confess that in taking the high ground which I did upon the order expelling our people from California, that I felt some compunctious visitings, for I had been informed that a plot had been arranged and was about being developed by the Americans

and other foreigners in that department to reenact the scenes of Texas. I had been consulted whether in the event of a revolution in California, and its successful result in a separation from Mexico, our government would consent to surrender their claims to Oregon, and that Oregon and California should constitute an independent republic. I of course had no authority to answer the question, and I would not have done so if I could.

The inhabitants of California are for the most part Indians, a large proportion naked savages, who not only have no sympathies with Mexico but the most decided antipathy.

Mexico has no troops there, and the distance of the department prevents any being sent.

Captain Suter, who was one of Bonaparte's officers, and, I believe, is a Swiss, has for many years had an establishment there, and is the real sovereign of the country if any one is, certainly so *de facto* if not *de jure*. The government of Mexico has done none of those things, such as settlement, extending her laws, and affording protection, which alone give to a civilized people a right to the country of a savage one. As to all these, the natives of California are as much indebted to any other nation as to Mexico; they only know the government of Mexico by the exactions and tribute which are levied upon them—it is literally a waif, and belongs to the first occupant. Captain Suter has two forts in California, and about two thousand persons, natives and Europeans, in his employment, all of them armed and regularly drilled. I have no doubt that his force would be more than a match for any Mexican force which will ever be sent against him. He has once or twice been ordered to deliver up his forts, and his laconic reply has been "Come and take them."

From all the information which I have received, and I have been inquisitive upon the subject, I am well satisfied that there is not on this continent any country of the same extent as little desirable as Oregon, nor any in the world which combines as many advantages as California. With the exception of the valley of the Wallamette, there is scarcely any portion of Oregon which is inhabitable except for that most worthless of all—a hunting population—and the valley of the Wallamette is of very small extent. In the south the only port is at the Columbia river, and that is no port at all, as the loss of the Peacock, and others of our vessels, has proved. To say nothing of other harbors in California, that of San Francisco is capacious enough for the navies of the world, and its shores are covered with enough timber (a species of the live oak) to build those navies. If man were to ask of God a climate he would ask just such an one as that of California, if he had ever been there. There is no portion of our western country which produces all the grains as well; I have been told by more than one person on whom I entirely relied, that they had known whole fields to produce—a quantity so incredible that I will not state it. The whole face of the country is covered with the finest oats growing wild; sugar, rice and cotton, find there their own congenial climate. Besides all these, the richest mines of gold and silver have been discovered there, and the pearl fisheries have always been sources of the largest profits; and more than these, there are the markets of India and China with nothing intervening but the calm and stormless Pacific ocean.

The distance from the head of navigation on the Arkansas and Red rivers to a navigable point of

the waters of the Gulf of California is not more than five or six hundred miles; let that distance be overcome by a railroad, and what a vista is opened to the prosperity and power of our country. I have no doubt that the time will come when New Orleans will be the greatest city in the world. That period would be incalculably hastened by the measures which I have indicated, which would throw into her lap the vast commerce of China and of India. Great Britain, with that wise and far-seeing policy for which she is more remarkable than any other government, has already the practical possession of most of the ports of the Pacific ocean—New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, and very soon the Society Islands also. We have a commerce in that ocean of more than fifty millions of dollars, and not a single place of refuge for our ships.

I will not say what is our policy in regard to California. Perhaps it is that it remain in the hands of a weak power like Mexico, and that all the maritime powers may have the advantage of its ports. But one thing I will say, that it will be worth a war of twenty years to prevent England acquiring it, which I have the best reasons for believing she desires to do, and just as good reasons for believing that she will not do if it cost a war with this country. It is, perhaps, too remote from us to become a member of the Union. It is yet doubtful whether the increase of our territory will have a federal or a centralizing tendency. If the latter, we have too much territory; and I am by no means sure that another sister republic there, with the same language, liberty and laws, will not, upon the whole, be the best for us. If united in one government, the extremities may be so remote as not to receive a proper heat from the centre—so, at least, thought Mr. Jefferson, who was inspired on political questions if mortal man ever was. I am not one of those who have a rabid craving for more territory; on the contrary, I believe that we have enough. I know of no great people who have not been crowded into a small space—the Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, and another people who have exercised a greater influence upon man and his destiny than all others, the Jews; and, in our time, the English. I want no more territory, for we have already too much. If I were to make an exception to this remark, it would be to acquire California. But I should grieve to see that country pass into the hands of England, or any other of the great powers.

Whenever the foreigners in California make the movement of separation, it must succeed. The department of Sonora, not half the distance from Mexico, has been in a state of revolt for the last four years, and the government has been unable to suppress it. The civil war there has been marked by acts of horrible atrocity, which are almost without precedent in any country. It is true that they do not eat the flesh of their enemies, but they leave them hanging on the trees to feast the birds of prey. There is scarcely a road in the whole department where such spectacles are not daily exhibited.

There is a great mistake, I think, in the opinion which is general in this country of the great ascendancy of English influence in Mexico. It is true that Mr. Pakenham had much influence there, which his great worth and frank and honorable character will give him anywhere; but my opinion is, that the general feeling of the Mexicans

towards the English is unfriendly. They have a well-grounded jealousy of the great and increasing power which their large capital gives them; and, if the feelings of the Mexican people were consulted, or the opinions of their most enlightened men, England is the very last power to which the Mexicans would transfer California, or any other portion of their territory. I am quite sure that they would prefer that it should be an independent power, than to have any connection or dependence of any sort upon England. The most valuable of the Mexican mines are owned and worked by English companies, and at least two-thirds of the specie which is exported goes into the hands of the English. The British government keeps two officers, or agents, in Mexico, with high salaries, to attend to this interest alone. It is with the money thus derived that the English establishments on this continent and in the West Indies are supported.

The amount of the specie annually obtained from Mexico is more than half as great as that which is kept at one time in the Bank of England. The stoppage of this supply would very much derange the whole monetary system of England; on this account, it is to be apprehended that in the event of a war between the United States and Mexico, that England would very soon be involved in it. If the coast of Mexico should be blockaded, England will demand that the line of steam-packets to Vera Cruz should be exempted from its operations. These packets, although commercial vessels, possess a sort of quasi government character. This, of course, our government could not concede; and the interruption of the regular supply of the precious metals from Mexico would be most disastrously felt in England. Knowing all this, I was well satisfied that all that we have heard about England stimulating Mexico to declare war against this country was ridiculously absurd. Such a war would injure England more than either of the belligerents. All her interests are opposed to it, unless, indeed, she intended to participate in that war. I have the best reasons for saying, that there is no other power in the world with which England would not prefer to engage in a war; not that she fears us, for England fears no nation, nor combination of nations, as all her history proves; but such a war would be, more than any other, disastrous to her commercial, manufacturing, and all other industrial pursuits.

England has no single motive of a war with us. It is not of this country that she is jealous, but of the northern despotisms of Europe, and mainly of Russia, and has been so since the seizure of the fortress of Azaco, in 1788. And well may England and all Europe tremble under the shadow of that terrible military despotism now holding one-eighth of the territory of the globe, and continually extending its limits and its power. All the wars of the present century which have weakened other European powers have resulted in the aggrandizement of Russia. The government is not only a despotism, but essentially a military despotism. The studies in which her people are educated are principally those of war and diplomacy. Russia and the United States are antipodes and antagonists. The wise and far seeing statesmen of England see this and calculate as well they may, upon our sympathy, in a conflict with Russia. I repeat, England wants no war with us, although we may force her into one. "That old and



haughty nation proud in arms" will never submit to injustice or insult.\* But to return from this perhaps uncalled-for digression to the jealousy of England which is felt in Mexico.

A leading member of the Mexican cabinet once said to me that he believed that the tendency of things was towards the annexation of Texas to the United States, and that he greatly preferred that result either to the separate independence of Texas or any connection or dependence of Texas upon England; that if Texas was an independent power, other departments of Mexico would unite with it either voluntarily or by conquest, and that if there was any connection between Texas and England, that English manufactures and merchandise would be smuggled into Mexico through Texas to the utter ruin of the Mexican manufactures and revenue.

In one of my last interviews with Santa Anna I mentioned this conversation. He said with great vehemence, that he "would war forever for the reconquest of Texas, and that if he died in his senses his last words should be an exhortation to his countrymen never to abandon the effort to reconquer the country;" and added, "You, sir, know very well that to sign a treaty for the alienation of Texas would be the same thing as signing the death-warrant of Mexico," and went on to say that "by the same process we would take one after the other of the Mexican provinces until we had them all." I could not, in sincerity, say that I thought otherwise; but I do not know that the annexation of Texas will hasten that event. That our language and laws are destined to pervade this continent, I regard as more certain than any other event which is in the future. Our race has never yet put its foot upon a soil which it has not only kept but has advanced. I mean not our English ancestors only, but that good Teuton race from which we have both descended.

There seems to be a wonderful adaptation of the English people to the purpose of colonization. The English colony of convicts at New South Wales is a more prosperous community than any colony of any other country. That the Indian race of Mexico must recede before us, is quite as certain as that that is the destiny of our Indians, who in a military point of view, if in no other, are superior to them. I do not know what feelings towards us in Mexico may have been produced by recent events, but whatever they may be, they will not last long; and I believe that the time is not at all distant, when all the northern departments of Mexico, within a hundred miles of the city, will gladly take refuge under our more stable institutions from the constant succession of civil wars to which that country seems to be destined. The feeling is becoming a pretty general one amongst the enlightened and patriotic, that they are not prepared for free institutions, and are incapable themselves of maintaining them. There is very great danger that the drama may close there, as it has so often done in other countries, with anarchy ending in despotism—such is the natural swing of the pendulum. The feeling of

\* Our worst enemy among the sovereigns of Europe is Louis Philippe, the catspaw-king. Every people struggling to be free look to the United States for light and aid, and it should be a source of pride to us that every despot regards us with fear and hatred. Well may the treacherous citizen-king exclaim with reference to America, with the fallen archangel to the sun—

"How! oh sun, I hate thy beams."

all Mexicans towards us, until the revolution in Texas, was one of unmixed admiration; and it is our high position amongst the nations, and makes our mission all the more responsible, that every people, struggling to be free, regard us with the same feelings—we are indeed the "looking-glass in which they dress themselves." As a philanthropist, I have deeply deplored the effects of the annexation of Texas upon the feelings of the people of all classes in Mexico, towards this country, as diminishing their devotion to republican institutions; this should not be so, but it will be. Ours is regarded as the great exemplar Republic in Mexico, as everywhere else, and the act which they regard as such an outrage, must have the prejudicial effect which I have indicated—still more will that effect be to be deprecated, if it should throw Mexico into the arms of any great European power.

The northern departments of Mexico contain all the mines, and more of the wealth of the country than any others; and they all hang very loosely to the confederacy;—they receive no earthly benefit from the central government, which in truth they only know in its exactions. All the money collected from them is expended in the city and elsewhere, and they have not even the satisfaction of knowing that it is beneficially or even honestly used. The security which would be given to property, as well as its great enhancement in value, would be powerful inducements with all the owners of large estates which are now comparatively valueless. The only obstacle that I know of to such a consummation, infinitely desirable in my judgment, to the people of those departments, less so to us, would be in the influence of the priesthood. They are well aware that such a measure might very soon be fatal, not only to their own supremacy, but that of the Catholic religion also—but they would have on the other hand a powerful motive in the security which it would give them to their large church property—no motive but interest would have any influence with the people of Mexico, for they certainly do not like us. Their feelings towards us may be summed up in two words, jealousy and admiration—they are not going to declare war against us, I have never doubted for a moment about that. Public opinion in Mexico, to all practical purposes, means the opinion of the army, and the very last thing in the world which the army desires, is such a war—nor do I believe that one Mexican in a thousand does, however they may vaunt and bluster—just as a frightened school-boy whistles as he passes a grave-yard in the night. I have just as little idea they will negotiate now, or until matters are adjusted between England and this country. I doubt whether they will do so even then, for the government of Mexico owes our citizens as much money as they could expect to get from us for their quit claim to Texas, and Mexico, therefore, will have no motive to negotiate as long as she is not pressed for these claims; and the restoration of official intercourse is not of the slightest consequence to her. The few Mexicans who would come here, would be in no danger of being oppressed, and nothing would be more convenient to Mexico than that we should have no minister there to trouble the government with complaints.

#### PATRIOTISM OF SANTA ANNA.

Another, and a very important one to many Americans in Mexico, was that which prohibited

the privilege of the retail trade to all foreigners—all my efforts to procure a rescission of this order were ineffectual, and this is the one exception to which I have alluded. One of the members of the diplomatic corps, the French minister, had felt it his duty to write a note on the subject, which Santa Anna regarded as very harsh in its terms and spirit. After I had discussed the matter with him for some time he said, "I know nothing about these questions of international law, I am only a soldier, and have spent my life in the camp—but eminent Mexican lawyers tell me that we have the right to enforce such an order, and if we have I know that it will be beneficial to Mexico. These foreigners come here and make fortunes and go away; let them marry here, or become Mexican citizens, and they may enjoy this and all other privileges." He added that if all the other ministers had taken the same course that I had, that he might have consented to rescind the order, but that whilst he was the president he would cut his throat (suiting the action to the word with great vehemence) before he would yield anything to insult or menaces—alluding to the note of the French minister. He became very much excited, and with his fine eye flashing fire, went on in a strain of real eloquence.—"What," said he, "has Mexico gained by her revolution, if she is thus to be dictated to by every despot in Europe; before, we had but one master—but if this is permitted we shall have twenty. We cannot fight on the water; but let them land, and I will drive them to their boats a little faster than I did in 1839"—and then casting his eye to his mutilated leg, with that tiger expression which Mrs. Calderon noticed—he said, "they have taken one of my legs, they shall have the other, and every limb of my body before I will submit to their bullying and menaces. Let them come, let them come as soon as they like, they will find a Thermopylæ."

"These were his very words. If he did not feel what he said, I have never seen the hero and patriot better acted. Again I thought of General Jackson. The reader may be assured that whatever may be the faults of Santa Anna, he has many points which mark him "as not in the roll of common men."

When I first visited him at Encerro, he was examining his chicken cocks, having a large wager then depending—he went round the coops and examined every fowl, and gave directions as to his feed; some to have a little more, others to be stinted. There was one of very great beauty, of the color of the partridge, only with the feathers tipped with black, instead of yellow or white; and the male in all respects like the female, except in size. He asked me if we had any such in this country, and when I told him that we had not, he said that if that one gained his fight he would send him to me—he was the only one of fifteen which did not lose his fight; and shortly after my return, when I visited New York, I found the fowl there. I had thought no more about it, and had no idea that he would.

After examining his chicken cocks we returned to the house, and then he was all the president—and to have listened to the eloquent conversation which I have sketched, one would not have supposed that he had ever witnessed a cock-fight.

The taste for this amusement, which amongst us is regarded as barbarous and vulgar, is in Mexico by no means peculiar to Santa Anna. It is universal, and stands scarcely second to the bull-fight.

## NICHOLAS' WIFE IN ITALY.

TAKE heart, poor milliner girls! and, though poorly paid, and sadly overworked, thank Heaven you are not the empress of Russia. Though you are fagged, you are not dehumanized by adulation—you are not flattered into insanity—you are not made one fester of human pride by the abasement and adoration of millions. The hearts in your bosoms are not petrified by imperial blood; they may yet bound with kindly impulses; they may yet thrill with a sympathy that the wife of Nicholas—poor victim of state!—can never know. Late accounts from Italy present a sad picture of the unfortunate woman. It appears that she is very sick—but not nearly so sick as arrogant. Could pride have killed her, she would have died long ago—every one of her nine lives been rendered up.

It seems that the King of Naples has beggared himself for a year or two, to do the handsome thing for his Russian guest; and she did little other than turn the poor man out of his own house.

"On the first day of her arrival, the empress sent her chamberlain to invite the King and Queen of Naples to dine with her in his own dining-room, which meant—"to-morrow I shall dine alone." The poor King of Naples understood it immediately, and was in great trouble to know where he should dine with his family, or receive his court."

And these are the folks who—according to the tribe of Jenkins—are the patent manner-mongers for the rest of mankind!

At Florence, she refused to take the arm of her host, the Grand Duke, and took that of the Russian Admiral. It is said that in one of her letters to the emperor, she wrote—

"Since our marriage I have never asked you a favor, but now I have a request to make, which I hope you will not refuse, since it is of consequence to my health, and probably my life may depend upon it—*make me a present of Sicily*;"—with Etna to boil the royal tea-kettle! What a pity that the emperor could not, by a ukase, give her the man in the moon as a little flunkey! Still, we have some compassion for the empress. She is the wife of Nicholas, and that may account for much. Nevertheless, milliners, *Punch* says, again and again—thank Heaven you are not the Empress of Russia. Surely, it is better to feel want and oppression, than to be educated out of the feeling of all human sympathy.—*Punch*.

## CHINESE BENEVOLENCE TO A BRITISH CHARITY.

—The governors and friends of the Seamen's Floating Hospital will be highly gratified to learn that the universal principle which governs that charity (the relief of sick seamen of all nations) has not escaped the observation of that enlightened and distinguished personage, Keying, the High Commissioner to his imperial majesty the Emperor of China, who has requested Rear Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, commander-in-chief there, to record his name as a donor of \$900 (about £190) in aid of this benevolent object. Well might Sir Henry Pottinger eulogize the high character of this eminent Chinaman, since he has shown, by this uninvited display of beneficence, that he can feel for the possible necessities of his countrymen in a far distant land, and can so munificently mark his gratitude to foreigners for the care taken of them.—*Times*.

From the Canada Temperance Advocate.

#### STUDIES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THERE are few young people who have been brought up in an inland district, to whom their first visit to the ocean does not form a remarkable era in their juvenile life. The scene is so perfectly new, everything is so strange, the shores abound with so many glittering pleasures, while the prospect of the vast expanse does at the same time inspire a kind of solemn awe, that the youthful mind is filled and impressed with recollections that never afterwards fade. A long-promised visit to the sea-coast was at last accomplished, and a beautiful autumn evening found us for the second time wandering on the smooth white sands of the shore. The receding tide had left dry the far-sloping beach; the sea was still and placid, with now and then a slight ripple glittering in the sun: a few boats and distant ships glided with their white sails on the deep, nearly as like things of life as the agile sea-birds that dipped and sported in the shallow water. The hearts of the young people bounded with an exquisite and new joy; and after skipping about for some time in many circles over the sands, they returned to me to give words to their novel delight.

"How lovely is everything to-night!" said Elizabeth. "I have now got familiar with the great ocean. I confess my mind yesterday was filled with a strange dread; those noisy and foaming breakers seemed so angry like; the waves came one after the other, rolling up to us like so many coiling serpents; and my heart shuddered as I looked far, far onward, and saw nothing but one dim expanse of green water; but now the waves, instead of menacing us, have retired far out. All is lulled and quiet, and such a beautiful beach is left us, that I never shall tire wandering over it, and exploring its curious productions."

"We have been fortunate, my dears, in this our first and short visit, to witness the ocean in its two extreme phases. Yesterday was indeed a storm; less, however, in its violence in this locality than it must have been seaward; for the swelling waves and high surf extending in that vast circular line which you witnessed with such astonishment, indicated that a high wind at a distance had raised the commotion."

"I had many strange dreams last night," said Henry, "about vessels foundering, and the cries of sailors clinging to the broken masts, or dashed among the rocks, and dying without any to help them. Nor shall I forget the appearance of last night's sun, as it set redly amid dark purple-looking clouds, which came in huge masses careering with the wind, while the frothy spray dashed up among the hollow rocks. Beautiful as the scene before us now is, I almost regret that it is so changed. I hope we shall have another storm before we go; for I delight to watch the turmoil of the waters, the screaming of the sea-birds, and the roar of the surf against the rocks. What, after all, is our lake, and hills, and green fields at home, compared to this magnificent scene! I long to launch upon those waters, and explore them to their uttermost boundaries."

"So Henry is become a sailor at once," cries Mary; "but he shall never speak ill of our loved home; and instead of sailing over the seas, let us go and collect beautiful shells and pebbles to carry home with us."

"Mary is right," we exclaimed; "instead of

speculating about untried enjoyments, let us improve those which the present time presents. The storm of yesterday has been at work for our gratification; the beach is strewn with the treasures of the deep: marine plants have been torn up and drifted along the shore; shells and marine animals have been scooped from their caves and hiding places; and all are now exposed to view, and await our inspection. You see those piles of seaweed!—that is the vegetation of the deep; and though differing greatly in form and appearance from land plants, yet they are not without their importance, nor are they without their admirers."

"Do trees, then, grow in the sea?" inquired Mary.

"Not exactly trees," I replied, "but a kind of simple plants called *fuci*, having stems and broad leaves of a soft leathery structure, nearly resembling the lichens which I have shown you on our rocks, and bearing seeds of a very simple kind like them. You see they are of all sizes, from this small delicate tufted plant to those large-leaved tangles of many feet in length. Indeed many parts of the ocean, to the depth of several hundred feet, are clothed with a vegetation as luxuriant as that on land, the tangled stems and leaves of which form the abiding places of myriads of fishes and marine animals of various kinds. We shall now pause at this spot, and examine a few of the plants. That long cord-like specimen which Henry draws out to the length of ten or twelve feet, is very common in the northern seas; in Orkney it is called sea-catgut, with us sea-lace. It grows in large patches, just like long grass in a meadow, attaining a length of from 20 to 30 feet. This other plant, with the tall round stem, terminated by a broad and long leaf, is a very common one, called the *laminaria*, or sea tangle, of which there are several species, those of warm seas growing to the height of 25 feet, with a stem as thick as that of a small-sized tree. The gigantic fucus of South America attains a height much greater than this, but with a diameter of stem not more than an inch. Captain Cook describes these fuci as attaining the astonishing length of 360 feet. They flourish in immense groves throughout the Southern Ocean, and are all alive with innumerable animals, that take shelter among and derive their sustenance from them."

"The sea, then," said Henry, "can boast of taller vegetables than the land; for, if I recollect rightly, the tallest palms do not exceed 150 feet, and the *araucaria* of New Holland is not above 60 feet more."

"You are quite correct, Henry; and I may mention another sea-plant, which is said to reach 500 to 1500 feet in length. It is a slender weed, called *macrocytes*; the leaves are long and narrow, and at the base of each is placed a vesicle, which is filled with air, and which serves to buoy up and float the plant near the surface of the water, otherwise, from its weight, it would sink to the bottom."

"And what is the use of all these plants?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Like land vegetation, they fulfil the important office of affording food and shelter for the myriads of animals with which the sea, like the land, is peopled. They are also not without their uses to man. These heaps of drifted weed form the best of manures for the soil. In some countries sea-weed is collected and burnt, and the ash, which is called kelp, produces soda. Several kinds are also capa-



ble of being boiled down into a sort of glue; and here is the little rock-weed, which is erroneously termed Irish moss, but which is, in fact, a sea-plant (*chondrus crispus*.) This plant, when well washed, so as to free it of its salt, and then slowly boiled in water, forms a light and nutritious jelly, of which, I think, you have often partaken when made up with milk and sugar."

"But look here," said I, pointing to a small object lying under the heap of wreck which we had just been examining; "what do you take that to be?" They all pronounced it to be a small marine plant just like many of the others strewn round. "Now, scrutinize it particularly," said I. Henry took it up with his hand, and laid it on a piece of paper prepared to receive some other plants. To their surprise the object made several movements; it again moved, and again was still; they watched it with some eagerness, and not without some dread. At last I picked off two or three of the branches of the apparent plant; a claw of an animal now was visible; I continued to pick off more; a head of a crab-like creature was displayed; and finally, clearing off the whole, a small but complete and living creature of the crustaceous family was exhibited to their wondering gaze. A flood of questions now assailed me. "This little crab (*macropodia phalangium*) is an inhabitant of our sea-shores, and is remarkable for its instinctive propensity of adopting the disguise of a vegetable. It, in short, lives a continued life of masquerade. For this purpose it selects the branches of a small fucus just about its own size, and sticks them so artfully over its limbs and body, that the whole is masked, so as to represent exactly the plant which it has selected. Whether the pieces of plant adhere by their own glutinous juices, or whether the animal spreads over its body a juice peculiar to itself, I cannot tell, but certain it is the animal is found always thus dressed; and it would appear to change its coat whenever it becomes old, for the leaves are always fresh and unshrivelled. The reason of this disguise is evidently concealment—either to conceal itself from its own foes, or to enable it the better to pursue its prey, or, perhaps, for both these purposes. At all events, the instinct is a very singular one. There is another crustacean, and a better known one than the other—the hermit crab. This fellow likes a good comfortable house, but he will not build one for himself, so he looks about for the first empty shell that will fit him, and in he walks back foremost. You see how he looks out at his door, and now he scampers off with his house upon his back. To convince you that the creature takes up its abode in a chance shell, here are several more of them, and all the shells you see are of different forms. As the young animal increases in bulk, it leaves its first small shell and takes to a larger. You see this well exemplified in the various sizes of the animals before us."

Mary had now got hold of a large shell, the waved buccinum, and had applied it to her ear, listening to the hollow sound which it thus emitted. She had been prompted to this from having practised the same thing with shells at home, and I now asked Henry if he recollected Landor's verses in allusion to this circumstance. He promptly called to mind those shells

"Of pearly hue

Within, for they that lustre have imbibed

In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,

His chariot wheel stands midway on the wave.  
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply  
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

"Sure enough it murmurs," cries Mary; "but if we carry it away with us, will it still preserve this mysterious union with the ocean?"

"It will still continue to sound when applied to your ear wherever you carry it; but so will any other hollow thing—a tin box, a cup, an empty tumbler, or any such—and yet I am sorry thus to dissipate with plain matter of fact the beautiful fancy of the poet."

"What is the real matter of fact, then?" inquired Henry.

"It is simply that the concave sides of the shell reverberate the current of warm air which is always passing off and upwards from the surface of our bodies, its place being as constantly taken by a fresh supply from the surrounding atmosphere. The hollow murmuring is the slight sound produced by the air-current striking against the sides of the shell, and being echoed, as it were, from every point, and returned again to the ear."

"I am almost vexed you have explained this to me," said Mary, "for at home I have often pleased myself with the thoughts that the shell roared or murmured when the tides of its parent ocean flowed in, and that it was silent until the time of the flowing tide returned. So bewitching is fancy! And yet, after all, I believe I shall be more satisfied with truth. I shall carry this shell home with me, however; and when I wish to recall the dashing of the sea-waves and the roar of the surf along the sands, and up among the rocks, I will have only to apply this talisman to my ear. In this respect it will be to me still the shell of the poet."

As we continued our walk, several little tracks in the sand attracted our attention. Henry determined to follow up one of them, in order to ascertain their cause: he continued to trace one for more than ten yards, and at last stopped almost at the brink of the water. We hastened to the spot, and perceived that the trail was made by the common cockle. It was curious to mark the creature pushing out its single foot from between its two-valved shell, and pressing it against the soft sand, thus pushing itself onward step by step. It had thus travelled at least ten to fifteen yards in the few hours since it had been left on the beach at high water, and now it seemed to be returning to the sea to feed. A little onwards we came to two other well-known edible shell animals—the oyster and mussel. Unlike the cockle, both these were stationary animals. They were securely anchored to stones, and we spent some time in examining the fine silken fibres (the *byssus*) which proceeded from their bodies, and were fixed by the other end to the rocks, thus forming a secure cable.

The frequent lash of the returning tide, and the rapidly descending sun, now warned us that it was time to return home.

We did so reluctantly, and paused for a moment to take a look at the descending luminary. How different was the sunset from last evening. The sky was one sea of soft mellow light, curtained above by stripes of filmy clouds of the brightest hues. The sun was just dipping its orb into the deep, and sent a long line of flickering rays athwart the glassy mirror, even reaching to our feet. Sea-birds were speeding along on swift wing

to the shore; one or two little boats were seen gliding homewards; but the distant ships steadily held on their way, now almost lost in the misty distance—night and day pursuing their course over the vast deep. As we ascended the sloping beach, we were recalled from our visions of the sea by objects reminding us of the land. The cattle from the neighboring fields had wandered down to the beach, and their dark massive forms were seen between us and the sky, as they straggled along the shore. "I think these cattle are actually feeding on the sea-weed," cried Henry; "I am sure I see one cow busily chewing a piece of sea-tangle."

"That is the very object," I replied, "which has made them wander here. Why should not cows and oxen love the sea-side as well as we? All graminivorous animals are exceedingly fond of salt, and of every substance which contains it. Hence they chew with avidity the sea-weed and lick the salt incrusts on the rocks. Nay, they will also feed with avidity on fish."

"At the western extremity of the island of Lismore, on the Argyleshire coast," says Dr. Macculloch, "are some rocks separated at low water, where the cattle may be daily observed resorting, quitting the fertile pastures to feed on the sea-weed. It has erroneously been supposed that this practice, as well as the eating of fish, was the result of hunger. It appears, on the contrary, to be the effects of choice, in cattle as well as in sheep, that have once found access to this diet. The accuracy with which they attend to the diurnal variations of the tide is very remarkable, calculating the times of the ebb with such nicety, that they are seldom mistaken even when they have some miles to walk to the beach. In the same way, they always secure their retreat from these chosen spots in such a manner as never to be surprised and drowned by the returning tide. With respect to fish, it is equally certain that they often prefer it to their best pastures. It is not less remarkable that the horses of Shetland eat dried fish from choice, and that the dogs brought up on these shores continue to prefer it to all other diet, even after a long absence."

"Herodotus mentions that the inhabitants in the vicinity of the lake Prasias were in the practice of feeding their horses and cattle on fish. The Icelanders and Faroese do the same, both with fish and dried whales' flesh, which they generally serve up as a soup, with a small quantity of fodder. 'In the northern parts of the state of Michigan,' says Captain Marryat in his diary in America, 'hay is very scarce, and in winter the inhabitants are obliged to feed their cattle on fish. You will see,' says he 'the horses and cows dispute for the offal; and our landlord told me that he has often witnessed a particular horse wait very quietly while they were landing the fish from the canoes, watch his opportunity, dart in, steal one, and run away with it in his mouth.'"

"This surprises me," said Elizabeth, "I thought animals, if left to their own choice, would always confine their taste to the particular kind of food to which they were destined by their structure."

"As a general rule this holds true; few carnivorous animals, I believe, would be disposed to exchange their beef for greens; but then, again, those who live on greens seem to have a hankering now and then after a piece of beef. I dare say you may have observed at home how pertinaciously a cow

will keep chewing at a bone a whole day, to the utter neglect of her grass, and to the no small dismay of the dairy-maid in the evening, when the cow returns without a drop of milk!"

"I have observed it frequently," cried Henry, "and I have been taught to creep close to said cows when so employed, and throw into their mouth a handful of sand and small pebbles; this, by mixing with their favorite morsel, spoils the whole, and they then reluctantly throw the mouthful out, and take to their grass."

Darker and darker now grew the evening shadows as we slowly took our way landwards. The waving sand-hills at last shut out our view of the ocean, and its hollow murmurs only reached our ears. We bade it a last adieu, after having spent two delightful days admiring its wonders, and having brought away with us numerous trophies, to remind us of our studies on the sea-shore.

## VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I AM monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the breakfast-time round to the day,  
I see neither Saxon nor brute.  
O Solitude! where 's the attractions,  
That sages have seen in your face?  
Better dwell in the midst of the Saxons,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish the Session alone,  
Ne'er cry "hear!" to an illigant speech,—  
Sure I start at the sound of my own.  
Them beasts, the attendants and waiters,  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unaccustomed to Marthys,  
Their coolness is shocking to me.

Society—blarney—abuse—  
Gifts dear to the boys of my name!  
O if I had the wings of a goose,  
It 's soon I 'd be out of this same.  
I then might enliven my gloom  
In the ways of repalers and men,  
Might learn from the wisdom of Hume,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of Ben.

Ye Mimbers, that make me your sport,  
O convey to this desolate door  
A Times, with a faithful report  
Of the house I shall visit no more.  
My frinds, sure they now and then send  
A joke or a laugh after me!  
O tell me I yet have a frind,  
Though Bentinck I 'm never to see.

The attendant is gone to his rest,  
The Saxon lies down in his lair,—  
While I think of the Isle of the West,  
And turn up my bed \* in despair.  
But whisky is still to be had;  
And the whisky—encouraging thought!  
As it is not by any means bad,  
Half reconciles me to my lot.

Punch.

\* The Martyr is accommodated with a very neat "folding bed."

From the British Quarterly Review.

- (1.) *Le Moniteur*.—(2.) *Le Messager*.—(3.) *Le Journal des Débats*.—(4.) *Le Constitutionnel*.—(5.) *Le Siècle*.—(6.) *La Presse*.—(7.) *Le National*.—(8.) *La Gazette de France*.—(9.) *La Quotidienne*.—(10.) *Le Globe*.—(11.) *Le Corsaire Satan*.—(12.) *Le Charivari*.—(13.) *L'Esprit Public*.—(14.) *La Réforme*.—(15.) *La Démocratie Pacifique*. Paris, 1845, 1846.  
(16.) *Histoire Edifiante du Journal des Débats*. Paris: Baudry.  
(17.) *Vénalité des Journaux, Révélation accompagnée de Preuves*. Par CONSTANT HILBEY. Ouvrier, Tailleur. Paris, chez tous les Libraires. Septembre, 1845.  
(18.) *L'Ecole des Journalistes, Comédie en 5 Actes*. Par MDE. EMILE DE GIRARDIN; suivie d'une Lettre de M. JULES JANIN; et d'une Réponse de M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC. Troisième Edition, Paris, 1840.

It were a curious and instructive study to trace the progress of the Newspaper Press of France, from the earliest times down to our own day;—to record the history of the ancient *Gazetier* and the modern *Journalist*;—of the old *Gazette* of times long gone by, as well as of the modern *Journal*. In the French of the 17th century, the *Gazetier* signified the Editor of a periodical publication, as well as the Publisher; but the word is not now used in this latter sense, and generally bears an ill signification.

Though any frivolous inquiry into the origin of words, in the present age of facts and realities, be for the most part idle, yet it may be permitted to us to state, that the word *Gazetier* is derived from *Gazette*, a denomination which the earliest journal received from the piece of Venetian coin, "*Gazetta*," which the reader paid for each number in the Piazza de St. Marco, in the seventeenth century. The first regular *Journal* which modern times has known, however, appeared in England in 1588. It bore the title of the "*English Mercury*," and probably suggested to the French nation the idea of the "*Mercure Français*, ou Suite de l'Histoire de la Paix." This publication commenced in 1605, the *Septennaire* of D. Cayer, and extended to the year 1644, forming altogether a collection of 25 vols. The curious compilation was, till 1635, edited by John Richer, and continued by Theophile Renaudot.

The "*Mercure Galant*," which gave birth to the "*Mercure de France*," and to the "*Mercure Français*" of 1792, commenced in February, 1672, under the editorship of Visé, and subsequently counted among its contributors and editors some of the first names in French history. Another "*Mercury*," not merely gallant, but historical and political, appeared in 1686, under the editorship of Sandras de Courtiltz; and to this periodical the great Bayle did not disdain to contribute. It survived to a good old age, and died in its 76th year, in 1782. The publication of the "*Public Intelligencer*" in England, in 1661, which met with a success signal and decisive, soon found copyists in France. Loret, in imitating it, composed his pitiable "*Gazette Burlesque*," or "*Muse Historique*," which was followed by the "*Journal des Savans*," beginning in 1665, and continued without interruption down to 1792.

Recommended in 1797 by Sallo, who took the pseudonyme of "*Hédouville*," it attained its greatest renown about 1816. In any sketch of the

history of journals or gazettes, the "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*" should not be forgotten. This work was originally undertaken by Bayle, Le Clerc, Basnage, and some other illustrious savans, and under their management continued to give that which is oftener sought than found in our own day—a just and impartial account of the works reviewed. Among the political and literary gazettes of a somewhat later epoch, "*La Clef du Cabinet des Princes*," commenced at Luxembourg, in July, 1704, by Claude Jordan, and continued under the title of "*Journal de Verdun*," because it appeared in that town, had the greatest success. Towards the end of the republic, the celebrated bookseller, Panckoucke, borrowed this title for a well conducted journal, "*La Clef du Cabinet des Souverains*," a daily paper, to which Garat and Roussel contributed excellent articles.

The name of the "*Moniteur*," so often cited, not merely in France, but in every civilized country in the world, was borrowed from the English journal of that name which appeared in 1759. France, whose object it always seems to have been, "to tread upon the kibes of England," possessed in the following year (1760) a *Moniteur* of her own—a periodical journal, containing moral and political articles. The gravers and the printers' art did not alone suffice for our restless and volatile neighbors. There were not wanting speculators, scandalous and shameless enough to send under an envelope to their abonnés, a manuscript bulletin of all the tittle-tattle trivialness, gossip, scandal, roudies, and lies of Paris. These letters, called "*Nouvelles à la Main*," were invented by a discreditable demirep, one Mde. Doublet, who kept a regular scandal-shop, where persons of both sexes resorted, and where characters were blackened, and reputations destroyed, for any consideration that malevolence might offer or infamy accept.

Some small rivulet of truth occasionally meandered through this vast meadow of médisance; but fiction, not fact, was the dame's staple article. It is certain that this clandestine publication gave some concern to the government; for, on the 6th of October, 1753, the Marquess d'Argenson wrote to the lieutenant of police of Berryer, that the "*nouvelles*" could not fail to produce an ill effect, seeing that Mde. Doublet kept a regular registry of scandal, which was not only spread through Paris, but dispersed all over the provinces. The minister went on to state, that though such conduct was displeasing to the king, yet his majesty had requested, before severer means were resorted to, that his minister should see Mde. Doublet, with a view of representing to her that the abuse and the scandal should cease, and that she should no longer permit those who encouraged such infamies to frequent her house. Notwithstanding these threats, the injunctions of the police were not, it appears, obeyed; for, in 1762, the Duke de Choiseul, then minister of Louis XV., complained again to Berryer, and at the conclusion of his letter of the 24th of March thus expressed himself: "His majesty has directed me to order you to repair to Mde. Doublet, and to announce to her that, if any more '*nouvelles*' are issued from her house, the king will cause her to be immured within the walls of a convent, from whence she can no longer send forth '*nouvelles*,' not merely impertinent and improper, but contrary to the rules of his majesty's service." Mde. Doublet persevered, nevertheless, in her course. The police now



sought to corrupt some of the habitués of her bureau, and for this purpose pitched on a certain Chevalier de Mouchi, who made a report to the minister to the effect, "that there was and had long been at the house of Mde. Doublet, a 'bureau de nouvelles,' which was not the only one in Paris; but her employés wrote a great deal, and profited largely by it." It cannot be denied that this Mouchi, author of the "Mille et une Faveurs," played, in reference to this bad woman, the part of a base mouchard. He had been received at the officina of Mde. Doublet as a man of letters, and he singled out in his report M. and Mde. Argental, Mde. du Bocceat, the authoress of the "Colombiade," Pidanzat de Mairrobert, one of the authors of the "Memoirs Secrets," better known as the "Memoirs of Bauchaumont," the Chevalier de Choiseul, and many medical and literary men among the contributors.

According to the report of Mouchi, one Gillet, valet de chambre of Mde. d'Argental, was at the head of the bureau. This base, unlettered lacquey, after having collected together all that was said in the best houses of Paris, sent his bulletins (as some infamous Sunday journals in our own day were sent) into the provinces at six and twelve francs the month; his despatches being literal copies of what Mde. Doublet circulated through the capital, on the morning of the same day, under the title of "Nouvelles à la Main." The more iniquitous and odious the government, the more extensive the sale and distribution, and the more formidable the influence and effect of the publications. In 1771, the Duke de la Vrillière exercised increased severity towards the authors of this scandalous chronicle. M. de Vergennes proceeded still further, for he would not permit literary men to carry on a correspondence with foreign countries, though the censor, Suard, was ready to certify to their character and conduct. This species of correspondence, wrote the minister, ought to continue prohibited, and those who persevere in it notwithstanding the prohibition, shall be severely punished. Good advice has proved valueless, and rigorous measures can alone prove effective.

We have already spoken of three Mercuries, but have not said a word of one, of which La Bruere was the "titulaire," as it was called. This privilege of titulaire was worth, to that fortunate man, 25,000 livres de rente, and having died one fine morning at Rome, about the year 1757, while the court was at Fontainebleau, Marmontel, who was there passing an hour with Quesnai, was sent for by Mde. de Pompadour, who said "Nous avons dessein d'attacher au nouveau brevet du Mercure des pensions pour les gens de lettres. Vous qui les connaissez nommez moi ceux qui en auroient besoin et qui en seroient susceptibles." Marmontel named Crebillon, d'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. Boissy obtained, through Marmontel's instrumentality, the brevet of the Mercure, but Boissy, though able enough to edit the journal, was incompetent to sustain it for any length of time. He had neither resources, nor activity, nor literary acquaintance, and he could not turn to the Abbé Raynal—for he did not know him—who was the man of all work in the absence of La Bruere. In this emergency Boissy held out a signal of distress to Marmontel, and wrote to this effect. "Prose ou vers ce qu'il vous plaira tout me sera bon de votre main."\* Marmontel passed a sleepless and

feverish night in consequence of this unexpected demand being made upon him, and in this state of crisis and agitation it was, that the idea of a tale first suggested itself. Alcibiade was the result, and at Helvetius' dinner the day after, this anonymous article was attributed by the first connoisseurs of the day to Voltaire or Montesquieu. Such was the origin—and this is a curious piece of literary history—of those very "Contes Moraux" which have since had such vogue in Europe. Boissy did not long enjoy this brevet. At his death, Mde. de Pompadour said to the king, "Sire, ne donnez vous pas le Mercure à celui qui l'a soutenu?" The favorite meant Marmontel, and Marmontel obtained it accordingly. Well would it be for princes and people if favorites never less abused their privilege than the Pompadour did on this occasion. The Mercure, when Marmontel undertook it, in 1758, was not merely a literary journal, in the strict sense of the term. It was formed of diverse elements, and embraced a great number of subjects. It was not simply a gazette, but a register, so to speak, of theatres and spectacles. It entered into a full and generally a just appreciation of literary publications, into the discoveries in the useful arts, and local and social interests, into everything, in fact, but the great cardinal questions of government representation and general politics. It would be difficult to imagine a journal more varied, more attractive, and of more abundant resources, in so far as regarded science, literature, and the fine arts.

But, alas! all is not "couleur de rose" in the life of a journalist, as the initiated know but too well; and Marmontel confesses that he soon found out that to come to Paris to edit a newspaper was to condemn himself—to use his own words—"au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes." Some of the first literary names in France were at this moment connected with the "Mercure" and its editor. Among others we need only name D'Alembert, L'Abbé Morellet, L'Abbé Raynal, Marivaux, and Chastellux. Nor was this collaboration exclusively confined to Frenchmen. The Abbé Galiani, Caraccioli, and the Comte de Creutz, were among the contributors; and the chansonniers Panard, Gallet, and Collé, occasionally lent their blithesome aid.

But this voluminous journal was soon to be suspended by the Revolution, not, however, before its columns had been enriched by the pens of Chamfort and Guinguéné. The former delicate, ingenious, brilliant, and witty writer, furnished the Tableau de la Revolution, in which the remarkable events of that remarkable time are eloquently retraced. Of these, Chamfort composed thirteen livraisons, each containing two tableaux, and the work was afterwards continued to the twenty-fifth by M. Guinguéné.

We have not spoken of the "Journal Etranger," to which the Abbés Arnaud and Prevost, Toussaint Fréron, (the famous Fréron, of whom more anon,) Favier Herandex, J. J. Rousseau, Grimm, and other celebrated men, were contributors. The editorship of this miscellany was undertaken by Suard, afterwards of the Academy, in 1754, and its object was to introduce to the notice of France all that was remarkable in the literature of England, Spain, and Germany. The paper existed until the month of June, 1763, when it ceased to appear. Towards the close of the same year, Suard, and his friend Arnaud, were commissioned by the government to undertake the "Gazette de France,"

\* Memoires de Marmontel, tom. ii. p. 79.

each with a salary of 10,000*fr.* A void, however, was created by the demise of the "Journal Etranger," which the two friends determined to supply by the creation of the "Gazette Littéraire de l'Europe." This new periodical, protected by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, bore no more charmed existence than its predecessor, and when it died a natural death, Suard and Arnaud were paid by their subscribers to the tune of four volumes in advance. Where should we find such easy gullible subscribers now-a-days in the new world or the old! and echo answers, where, in mournful response to curious and inquiring aspirants to authorship.

Let the meanest among the dregs of the Row and Grub-street, pluck up "heart of grace," however, for be it known to all the dullards and dunces for their comfort, that among the most complaisant and contented contributors to this journal were the famous Denis Diderot, and the gentleman philosopher Saint Lambert. Nor were other appliances wanting to success. Suard had married one of the cleverest and most agreeable women of the day, Mlle. Panckoucke, the sister of the famous printer and bookseller. His house and hearth were patronized by the "grand monde," under the title of "le petit ménage;" and here the munificence of the prince de Beauvau, and of the Marquis de Chastellux were exhausted, to place the *petit ménage*, to use the language of the biographer of Suard, "en état de donner des festins à la haute littérature."\* It is the fashion among some Englishmen to cry up their own country at the expense of France; but where, we would ask, can any Englishman lay his finger on prince or marquess who exhausted, not his munificence, but who contributed one hundred pounds, either in gifts or otherwise, to place the "petit ménage" of an English journalist in a condition to worthily entertain men of letters?

It is not our purpose, and it would far exceed the compass of an article, to go over the journals and newspapers of the Revolution. Most of them were scandalous—many of them were bold—a few useful; but there was one journal which sprung out of this great crisis, which has survived that stormy and terrific epoch, and which has lived to see many great changes even in our own day. We allude to the "Moniteur Universel," the official journal of the French government. Born of the first Revolution, and a witness of all the political revolutions which have succeeded it, the "Moniteur" has had the rare advantage of surviving times of trouble and civil strife, without losing any portion of its high consideration, and without changing either its character or its language.

The founder of the "Moniteur" was a great and enterprising bookseller, of the name of Charles Joseph Panckoucke, the father of Madame Suard, of whom we have just spoken, and celebrated by the publication of the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." Panckoucke had, in a journey to England, been struck with the immense size of the London journals. He resolved to introduce a larger form into France. This was the origin of the "Moniteur Universel," which first saw the light on the morning of the 24th November, 1789. But the "Moniteur," in its infancy, did not, as the reader may well suppose, possess its present organization. A very small space was allotted to the report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and the debates were often incorrectly given. Shortly after

this period, M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and who was editor of the "Bulletin de l'Assemblée Nationale," agreed to incorporate his paper with the "Moniteur,"\* and soon after became the first rédacteur en chef of the latter journal. As Maret was an admirable short-hand writer, the paper became, to use the words of his biographer, a *tableau en relief*. It was not merely fidelity of expression that was transmitted, but the spirit of the debate was embodied, and the gesture and demeanor of the orator described. Something more, however, than mere reports were needed; and a series of articles were determined on, comparing the parliamentary system springing from the Revolution, with the system that prevailed anteriorly. The exact and conscientious Peuchet undertook this difficult task. His articles, under the title of an introduction, form the first volume of the collection of the "Moniteur."

From this period the principal and the most precious recommendation of the "Moniteur" was, and is, that it is a repertory of all the important facts connected with the annals of modern France. The "Moniteur," indeed, is the only pure well of undefiled historical truth, though occasionally dashed and brewed with lies, more especially in the Napoleonic time, from which a thorough knowledge may be obtained of the parties and history of France. Tables compiled with diligence, method, and clearness, and published for each year, facilitate the researches of the student, and conduct him through the immense labyrinth of facts which have been accumulated during half a century. Men of extraordinary merit have occasionally coöperated, either as men of letters or as philosophical writers or as publicists in the editing of this remarkable journal. We have already cited the Duke of Bassano, who was rédacteur en chef, to the end of the Constituent Assembly. Berquin, the author of "L'Amie des Enfants," succeeded him at a time when Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe; Laya, the author of "L'Ami des Lois"; Framery; Guinguéné, author of a Literary History of Italy; Garat, who was minister and senator; Suard, of the Academy, of whom we have before spoken; Charles His, Gallois Granville, Marsilly, La Chapelle, and others, enriched the very same pages with their united labors. Under the Convention and the Directory, M. Jourdan performed the duties of rédacteur en chef, and was assisted by Trouvé, Sauvo, and Gallois. Under the Consulate, Sauvo was placed at the head of the "Moniteur," and is, or lately was, editor in chief. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that during the crisis of the ministry of Polignac, that weak foolish man sent for M. Sauvo, and handed him the famous ordonnances which produced the Revolution of July, with a view to their publication in the official journal, when the courageous journalist remonstrated with the president of the council, and pointed out to him the folly—the madness—of his course.† The minister refused, even at the twelfth hour, to listen to the voice of wisdom, and our readers know the result. During a period of nearly forty years, M. Sauvo has written in the "Moniteur" the principal portion of the matter under the head *Théâtres*, and all parties most capable of judging of such matters admit the taste and the tact he has uniformly

\* Souvenirs du Duc de Bassano, par Mde. Charlotte de Sor. Bruxelles, 1843.

† Mémoires de Lafayette, par Sarrans. Procès des Ministres de Charles X. "England and France; or, the Ministerial Gallomania."—Murray, 1832.

\* Vie de Suard, par Charles de Rozior. Paris, 1839.

exhibited in this department of his labors, his criticisms being extended not merely to the pieces, but to the actors and actresses. If these essays were published separately, they would form no mean course of dramatic literature. Among the numerous collaborateurs of M. Sauvo, from the Consulate and Empire to our own day, we may mention Peuchet; Tourlet; the learned Jomard; Champollion, of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; Amar; Tissot, of the Academy; Kératry; Petit Radet; David, formerly consul-general in the East; Aubert de Vitry, and Champagnac. The "Moniteur" is the only journal, it should be observed, which reproduces exactly the debates of the Chambers, for other journals have recourse to analysis and abridgments. The only certain basis of an exact analysis would be the words of the "Moniteur;" but this journal, contrary to its agreement, which imposes on it the obligation of furnishing proof sheets to all the journals on the evening of its publication, appears after the latter have been printed off, and cannot consequently be of the least use for an analysis of the debates. It were, perhaps, a piece of supererogatory information, to state that the "Moniteur," which forms a collection of more than 100 volumes, is furnished to all the higher functionaries of the state, and is constantly referred to, not merely in France, but in every civilized country. It is the best repertory of contemporaneous history, and complete copies of it are therefore very rare, and always fetch a high price.

During the emigration, Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., had a species of Moniteur of his own, under the title of "Journal de Monsieur," in which the Abbés Royon and Geoffroy, the latter afterwards so celebrated as the feuilletonist of the "Débats," both wrote; but this paper necessarily expired the moment his majesty landed on the French soil. The Abbé Geoffroy, indeed, played an important literary part after the Restoration; but before we speak of him, it will be necessary that we should enter into the history of that journal, which he rendered so celebrated by his criticisms. In so doing, it is indispensable that we should speak somewhat at length of the very remarkable founders of the "Journal des Débats," the MM. Bertin. These two brothers, François Bertin the elder, and Louis Bertin, commonly called Bertin de Vaux, were the men who first elevated journalism in France into a power in the state, and made of newspapers a great instrument, either for good or for evil. François was the elder brother of the two, and continued till the period of his death "Rédacteur en chef and Gérant" of the "Journal des Débats." Louis, the other brother, after having been fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies was, soon after the Revolution of 1830, sent ambassador to Holland, and elevated to the Chamber of Peers.

Bertin the elder was a man of large and liberal views, intelligent, instructed not merely in letters, but in politics and legislation—a man of the world, in the best sense, generous, indulgent, and great, not only in accomplishments of the mind, but what is rarer, and better, in virtues of the heart.

Bertin de Vaux, his brother, was an active, indefatigable man of business, and at the same time a distinguished and spirited writer, and a scholar of no mean pretensions, especially in classical literature. Both these remarkable men were born at Paris, of a rich and respectable family. Their father, who was secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, premier of

France, died young. Their mother, a woman of sense and talent, afforded them the advantage of the best and most careful education. In the revolution of 1789 they were both young, but the elder was old enough to have witnessed many of the horrors of 1793. He assisted at some of the tempestuous and sanguinary debates of that epoch, and was saved from being a victim by his extreme youth.

It is not our purpose to go over the history of the press during the consulate. It will be sufficient to state that soon after Bonaparte had established himself in the seat of power, he practically annihilated the decree of the ninth of September, 1789, which declared that the liberty of the press was one of the inalienable rights of men. With one stroke of the pen, the little Corsican decided that among the numerous political journals existing, twelve should alone survive, and to these was conceded the exiguous liberty of publishing the list of sales of real and personal property by auction and otherwise, the bulletins and recitals of battles published in the "Moniteur," the new laws, and dramatic criticisms on the spectacles of the day. It should be remembered, that in those days the largest journal was no bigger than a quarto sheet, and that charades and rebusses were then more in vogue than political disquisitions. It was in such a season as this that Bertin the elder purchased for 20,000 francs, or £800, of Baudoin, the printer, the name and copyright of a "Journal d'Annonces." With the sagacity of a man of profound sense, M. Bertin soon perceived that the journal of which he had become the proprietor ought neither to resemble the journals of the ancient regime, such as the "Mercure de France," of which we have already spoken, nor the journals of the revolution, such as the "Orateur du Peuple," formerly conducted by Dussault, of whom more anon, nor the journal, reeking with blood, of the cowardly Hebert, called the "Père Duchesne." The "Mercure de France," though supported by Marmontel, and the beaux esprits of the court, was but a pale reflection of the inane vanity and emptiness of the old monarchy. But the journal of the "Père Duchesne" was the very image of the blood and fury and worst democratic drunkenness of the revolution. Such journals as either the one or the other were impossible, under a strong and intelligent government. Neither as consul nor as emperor, had Napoleon permitted their existence; and even though he had, the nation would not have long supported it. It was a difficult task to hit the house "betwixt wind and water," to use the familiar phrase of Burke, in speaking of the wonderful success of the wonderful Charles Townshend in the house of commons, and no less difficult was it for M. Bertin to hit the will of the emperor, and the humor, whim, and caprice of the good people of Paris. It was, indeed, an up-hill task to make a journal palatable to a successful soldier, who had made himself emperor, and who desired that neither his laws nor his victories might be discussed or criticised. And nearly as difficult was it to conciliate the good will and favorable attention of a people accustomed to the rank and strong diatribes of the democrats. Any other man than Bertin the elder would have given the task up in despair—but the word "despair" was no more to be found in his vocabulary than the word "impossible" in the vocabulary of the emperor. To create a journal without freedom of speech were indeed hopeless. M. Bertin spoke, therefore, freely, but



he was freely outspoken only of literature and the theatres, holding his peace on higher and more dangerous topics.

The history of the rise and progress of the "*Journal des Débats*" is a moral and psychological study, not without its interest. Tact, and management, and moderation were necessary in order to write at all in that epoch, but the moment Bertin obtained permission to put pen to paper, he used the two-edged weapon so discreetly, that governor and governed were equally content. To use the phrase of Burke, he hit the ruler and the ruled "betwixt wind and water." What was the cause of this success? Bertin called to his aid men of science, learning, talent, and art, but all inexperienced in the art of journalism. There was not one among them who had ever before written a stupid leading article, or graduated in the stenographic tribune of the constituent or national assemblies, but they were men of mind and education—not what in England are called literary men—i. e., men without letters—who have failed in other callings, but scholars "ripe and good," brimful of learning. The greater number of the earlier contributors had been bred in the schools of the Jesuits; some among them were intended for the priesthood, but all were deeply imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome. Among the earliest regular contributors of the new journal were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Delalot. On a second floor, in a small, dingy, damp hole, in No. 17, in the Rue des Prêtres, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where was situated the office of the journal, these choice spirits met. After having traversed a dirty court, whose sweltering walls conducted to the first floor, they groped their way to the second floor, where the elder Bertin sat enthroned in all the pomp of editorial majesty. When the lively, intelligent, witty, and spiritual populace of Paris—for, after all, they are but a populace—but the cleverest and most gifted under the sun—when this mob of something more than fine gentlemen, though less than perfectly reasonable beings, read the first number of a journal written with moderation, yet vigorously; witty, yet with the air of good breeding and good society; learned, yet without the rust of the schools; bitter and incisive, yet without personal malignity—the town was amazed and delighted, as though a new pleasure had been invented, or what is equivalent in France to a new pleasure, a new sauce. And a sauce piquante certainly was invented, for Julien Louis Geoffroy, the most ingenious critic of our age, and the civilized French nation, so improved and expanded the feuilleton, that it may in his hands have been pronounced a new creation. A distinguished scholar of the Jesuits, at the school of Rennes, Geoffroy afterwards entered the college of Louis le Grand. He subsequently was admitted to the Collège de Montaigu as Maître d'Etudes, and was ultimately named Professor of Rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose. This success procured him the editorship of the "*Année Littéraire*," in which he succeeded Fréron, the redoubtable adversary of Voltaire, after Renaudot the founder of the journal in France. In the first years of the revolution his monarchical opinions pointed him out as the colleague of Royou, in the editorship of the "*Ami du Roi*;" but in the reign of terror he did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and escaped it by hiding his proscribed head in a small village, where he exercised the calling of a schoolmaster. After

the 18 Brumaire (18th Nov., 1799,) he returned to Paris, and was soon after chosen as theatrical critic to the "*Journal des Débats*." It were difficult, indeed, within the limits to which we are confined, to explain the immense vogue which his articles obtained. Every other day there appeared one of his feuilletons, of which the occasional bitterness and virulence were pardoned because of the learning and the wit. It was, indeed, the liveliest and most pungent criticism, but frequently partial and unjust. It was, above all, partial and unjust, in regard to some of the most remarkable actors and actresses of our own day, as Talma, Mde. Contat, Mlle. Duchenois, &c. The virulent war carried on by Geoffroy, also, against Voltaire, was indiscriminate and unjust, and in some respects ridiculous. Venality, in respect to contemporary authors and actors, has been more than once imputed to him; and it is openly said in the "*Histoire du Journal des Débats*," that he received cachemires, services in porcelain, bronzes, statues, cameos, clocks, &c. But without giving too much heed to these imputations, it may be truly said that his constant and unvarying adulation of Bonaparte is not a little disgusting and suspicious. This servile trait in his character is energetically castigated in an epigram, whose coarse, gross energy may be pardoned under the circumstances:

"Si l'Empereur faisait un pet,  
Geoffroy dirait qu'il sent la rose;  
Et le Senat aspirerait  
A l'honneur de prouver la chose."

Notwithstanding these and other defects, however, the feuilleton of Geoffroy "*faisait fureur parmi toutes les classes*." The lively, learned, alert, ingenious, mocking manner of the ex-abbé had been unequalled since the time of Fréron. The vogue and popularity of the "*Journal des Débats*" were, therefore, soon established, and the people, who were beginning to be tired of war and Te Deums, desired no better pastime than to read the accounts of new actors, new books, and new plays, by Geoffroy and Dussault. An unheard-of prosperity was the result. The "*Journal des Débats*" soon had 32,000 subscribers, a number never equalled, we believe, even by the "*Times*" for any lengthened period, though surpassed on particular occasions. Jules Janin relates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for two sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France. The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.; the second was Geoffroy, writer of the feuilleton of the "*Journal de l'Empire*," as it was originally called, and indeed as it continued to be called till 1805, when it took the name of "*Journal des Débats*." The manner in which the "*Débats*" treated public topics was dexterous in the extreme. It was not then possible or practicable, indeed it was dangerous, to dilate openly on politics; but in speaking of the prose and poetry of Boileau and Racine and Fontenelle, the ingenious writers generally insinuated, as it were, "par parenthèse," a word or two on great questions of state, by which their political opinions were rather suggested than expressed. Thus was literature the wicket by which they entered into this vast and fertile domain, which they subsequently made their own in fee. Bonaparte would not at this period have tolerated an opposition to his government and pol-

icy, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions—to his ideas of tragedy and of a perfect epic. When he drove Mde. de Staël from France, that woman, of a genius so masculine and profound—of feelings so deep and impassioned—the illustrious authoress of "Corinne" was sustained and comforted by the support of the "Débats." Chateaubriand, too, was understood, sustained, and defended, in the "Journal de l'Empire," at a period when Bonaparte would allow no superiority but his own, and it is now a well-known fact that the proof sheets of "Atala and René" were corrected by the friendly, conscientious, and critical hand of the elder Bertin.

The history of the "Journal des Débats," therefore, naturally divides itself into two distinct epochs. First, there was the "Journal de l'Empire," which at the beginning was more literary than political; and, secondly, there was the "Journal des Débats"—the same journal under a new name—which, in becoming openly political, did not cease to be literary. It is hardly possible to overrate the benefits which the "Journal de l'Empire" conferred on literature and on France. Its editors and contributors were the first to revive sound literature and a better taste. They raised up and placed on their proper pedestals the ancient models, forgotten, and cast down, without unduly depreciating any innovators distinguished by ingenuity, talent, or learning. The principal writers in the "Journal de l'Empire," were Geoffroy, who died in his 70th year, in 1814; Dussault, who in 1793 published the "Orateur du Peuple;" Feletz, Delalot, Hoffmann, Malte Brun, and Fievée.

The articles of Dussault were always signed Y.; but such was the spirit, taste, and immense erudition that they disclosed, that they principally contributed to establish the literary infallibility of the journal. M. de Feletz was a man of a different order. He was a gentleman of the old school, polished, perfumed, polite, satirical, witty, instructed, writing paragraphs à la Pompadour, and articles à l'ancien régime. But this veteran of Versailles had such a varnish of finesse d'esprit, that his collaboration was of the greatest advantage. Delalot subsequently became an eminent member of the Chamber of Deputies. Hoffmann, a German by birth, was distinguished by a light, agreeable, transparent style, eminently French. He was a man of real depth and learning, and who gloried in the position of a public writer—a condition of existence he would not have changed with kings or emperors. Distinguished by a love of labor and of letters, he wrote with extreme facility, and could make the very essence of a book his own in a shorter time than any man of his day. He left behind him a noble library, within the four corners of whose walls he spent the happiest days of his existence.

Hoffmann became connected with the "Journal des Débats," then called, as we before remarked, the "Journal de l'Empire," in 1805. The connexion was promoted and facilitated by his friend Etienne, formerly secretary of the Duke of Bassano, and who was named by the emperor, "Censeur du Journal de l'Empire." Hoffmann was possessed of rare qualities. He was learned, not merely as a classical scholar, but as a man of science. He was exact and scrupulous in reading and meditating on the works which he was about to criticise. He had a hatred of coteries and cliques, and a love of independence and impartial-

ity. These creditable feelings induced him to leave Paris for Passy, in order that he might live isolated and remote from all solicitation and influence. It was from this retreat at Passy that he attacked mesmerism and somnambulism, in articles full of wit and talent. It was from Passy, too, that he wrote that series of criticisms on the works of Chateaubriand, de Pradt, and Madame de Genlis, and those celebrated articles on the Jesuits, worthy of Pascal himself, which raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 abonnés. Such was the effect of good literary management, that at the end of the year 1805, the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs, or 8000*l.* a year by their paper. Hoffmann continued to write in the "Débats" till the middle of April, 1828, towards the close of which month he died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. The last time we met him was at the table of a common friend, on Twelfth-day, 1828, since also numbered with the dead. His learning, modesty, and rare companionable qualities, made on us an impression which time has not effaced.

Articles on foreign politics became, from the period of Napoleon's letter, addressed directly to George III. (14th January, 1805,) a principal feature in the "Journal des Débats." The greatest number of these articles from 1806 to the end of 1826, were written by the famous Danish geographer, Malte Conrad Brun, more commonly called in France, Malte Brun. Malte Brun was a brilliant but not a profound writer; but it must to his credit be admitted, that he was the first to render the study of geography attractive in France. It is a curious fact, yet perfectly true, and which we may state, en passant, that of the three great geographers of whom France is so proud, not one is a Frenchman. Brunn, or Malte Brun, to use his French name, was a Dane, Oscar M'Carthy is of Irish origin, and Balbi is an Italian. Of Fievée, we shall only say that his literary articles were considered solemn decisions, from which there was no appeal. He passed judgment of life or death on books, like an infallible, immovable judge, and was rewarded by his sovereign with a prefecture. We manage these things very differently in England. No critic, however eminent in England, ever obtained the place of police magistrate, from which an unknown Mr. Twyford has been dismissed, or the place of consul, at Calais, to which a too well known Mr. Bonham has been appointed. Such were the men who sustained the "Débats" up to the year 1814, when Geoffroy died, in the 71st year of his age. The gratitude and good feeling of the proprietors of the journal, of which he had been so long the glory and the pride, secured to his widow a pension of 2400 francs, a sum equal, at that period, to 200*l.* a year in England now-a-days.

We have heard and believe, that such good and generous things have been done by the "Times" in reference to old writers and reporters, and in the days of Mr. Perry, at the "Morning Chronicle;" but we do not believe that in any English journal, however liberal, the example has been as generally followed as it ought to have been.\*

The death of Geoffroy, and the official occupa-

\* The "Morning Herald" is said to have passed, recently, into the hands of Mr. Edward Baldwin, a gentleman distinguished by munificent liberality, and the most gentlemanly feelings. It is therefore to be hoped that the good example of the "Débats" will be more liberally followed in this country.

tions of Fievée obliged the elder Bertin, who had been for some time judge of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine, to look out for recruits. The restoration had now taken place, and a new era dawned on literature. Men breathed more freely, and dared to utter their thoughts in a somewhat bolder tone. A hundred thousand new ideas, stifled amid the clangor of battle and the din of arms, now found free expression. The reign of terror had passed, and the reign of despotism. Men were sickened with the smell of gunpowder, and fatigued with the sound of cannon. The pen, now that the sword was sheathed, began to be used. Mind vindicated itself against matter—intellect against mere brute force. There was on the throne of France a learned and philosophic sovereign, a gentleman and a man of letters; a royal author, if not a noble one; for Louis the Eighteenth had translated Horace with spirit and fidelity, and was the writer of the "Voyage à Coblenz,"—not exactly a tour, but a forced march, or flight from France, made by himself on the 21st June, 1791. It was therefore a moment propitious to letters and progress. Chateaubriand gave full rein to his imagination; Lamartine composed his first "Méditations Poétiques," Victor Hugo started into literary life, and Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, found hundreds of translators and imitators. The classic taste of the learned and voluptuous old king recoiled from much of the new literature; but he resolved that, at least, the Muse should be free, that the thoughts of man should range unconfined, and that no padlock should be clapped on mind. The "Journal des Débats" was the first to understand the new era. Bertin the elder was a keen observer, and he comprehended the distinctive character of the restoration as readily as he had understood the quality of the empire. New and fresh, if not young blood, was infused into the rédaction of the paper. Duvicquet—the worthy and excellent Duvicquet, so fond of a good glass of Clos Vougeot, and so devoted an admirer of the plats truffés—had succeeded to Geoffroy. But Duvicquet was a rigid classicist, and it was necessary to find some one who would read and comprehend the rising literature of France, and not be disposed to make a holocaust of it. Charles Nodier, a man of an easy and facile character, of gentle manners, but of solid learning, a pupil of the school of Chateaubriand, was the censor chosen to stretch out the friendly hand to the new band of innovators. It were difficult to fix on a happier choice. Nodier was not merely a classical scholar, in the best acceptance of the word, but a man well read in the modern and living literature of England and Germany. His articles were learned without pedantry, and distinguished by an admirable freedom, freshness, and grace. While Nodier yielded to the spirit of progress in literature, the high political doctrines of the journal were maintained by Castelbajac, Clausel de Cousserques, and the famous De Bonald.

In March, 1815, the proprietor of the "Débats" followed the king to Ghent, and in the September following was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine. Soon after, he was appointed to the Secretariat Général du Ministère de la Police. Meanwhile the columns of the "Débats" resounded with the eloquent prose of Chateaubriand, and this was a step in advance of the ultra and excessive royalism of 1814. Men of genius in every walk of life were now encouraged

to write in the paper, and in such a season it was that the Abbé de Lammenais, since become so famous in a democratical sense, composed some remarkable articles, not yet forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The old classical school of literature in France was fast disappearing, and Bertin soon perceived that the classical school of criticism must disappear with it. He again cast about him for young writers, and fixed upon M. St. Marc Girardin, then a nearly unknown young man, but whose "Tableau de la Littérature Française," subsequently to 1820, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and who is now one of the most learned professors of the Sorbonne, and M. de Sacy, the son of the celebrated Orientalist, a young and learned advocate, of ripe studies and a pure taste. Both these gentlemen still afford their valuable assistance to the paper, and both are among the ablest writers in France. Previously to this period, Salvandy, the present minister of public instruction in France, had written some remarkable articles, distinguished by a felicitous imitation of the style of Chateaubriand. From the period of the death of Louis XVIII., in September, 1824, of whose character he gave an admirable sketch, till the present day, M. Salvandy may be considered among the contributors to the Débats. There are few public men in France who have more of the talent of the journalist than Narcisse Achille de Salvandy. To an extreme vivacity of intellect he joins great power of expression, an energy and enthusiasm almost inexhaustible. Some of the best and most bitter articles against the Villèle ministry proceeded from his pen, and he it was who, from his country-house near Paris, dealt, in some very able leading articles, the deadliest blows against the Polignac ministry. To this deplorable ministry the "Débats" was as much opposed as the "Constitutionnel," and both waged an inextinguishable war against the Jesuits.

From the death of Hoffmann, in 1828, Eugene Béquet, the last of the old school, took a more prominent part in the literary department. His productions were distinguished, not more by sound sense than by exact learning, and a pleasant vein of humor.

In 1826-7 the "Débats" counted not more than 12,600 subscribers. This was not owing to any lack of interest or ability in its articles, for it was conducted with amazing tact and talent; but a formidable competitor had appeared, in the shape of a journal called the "Globe," to which some of the ablest and most educated young men of France contributed. Among others, M. de Rémusat, one of the deputies for Garonne, and minister under Thiers, and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of the deputies for Cher, MM. Duchatel and Dumon, now ministers of the interior and of public works respectively, and M. Piscatory, minister of France, in Greece.

Against that illegal ordonnance of Charles X. which abolished the press, the "Débats" made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals. In speaking of the tumultuous groups of workmen traversing the boulevards, the writer of a leading political article remarked, "*On s'attendait à des actes énergiques de la part de l'autorité, l'autorité ne se fait remarquer que par son absence.*"

When, however, the insurgents obtained the upper hand, the note of the writer suddenly changed, and Lafayette was then spoken of as "*le vieil et illustre ami de la liberté, le défenseur intre-*



pide de l'ordre, dont l'âge ne refroidit pas le zèle patriotique."

This was in the first days of August, and within seven weeks afterwards M. Bertin de Vaux was named minister plenipotentiary to the King of Holland. In a very little while afterwards, Armand Bertin, the present *gérant* responsible of the journal was appointed "commissaire" of the Académie Royale de Musique.

After the revolution of 1830 Duvicquet retired to his native place, Clameci, and the *feuilleton*\* of the "Journal des Débats" passed into the hands of Jules Janin, who had previously been connected with the "Messager," the "Quotidienne," and the "Revue de Paris," and who was then better known as the author of "L'Anc Mort et la Femme Guillotinée," published in the year previously. The modern *feuilleton* under his management, no longer resembles the ancient. Whether it has been improved is, we think, more than questionable, and it certainly no longer possesses the authority which it enjoyed in the time of Fréron, Geoffroy, Feletz, and Hoffmann. The earlier *feuilleton* was distinguished by learning, judgment, critical acumen, and discretion, and a measured moderation of tone. It was occasionally dry, sometimes smelling too much of the rust of the schools, almost always ignorant of, and invariably intolerant towards, foreign literature. But though it did not exhibit the variety and vivacity of tone of the modern *feuilleton*, it was devoid of its shallowness, pretension, and parade. The ancient *feuilleton* aspired to instruct, the modern seeks merely to amuse. If the ancient *feuilleton* adhered somewhat too strictly to certain canons of criticism, certain cardinal principles in literature and art, the modern has too freely trifled with received notions, too much in paradox, and a *Naïsser aller* style. In seeking to avoid a heavy, pedantic manner, the modern *feuilleton* has become affected, mincing, and *maniérée*. The ancient *feuilleton* was too learned and too erudite—the modern is too ignorant and superficial. The ancient frequently dived too deep into the subject in hand for a daily newspaper—the modern almost always skims too lightly over the surface of the subject, if it does not give the real question the go-by.

The great abuser and perverter of the modern *feuilleton* has undoubtedly been Jules Janin. There is, as it appears to us, in everything that he has written, what has been well characterized as a "marivaudage de bas étage." He seems always to wish to be saying things uncommonly fine, witty, and clever, and to be fully persuaded that it is his duty not only to write, but to think, differently from other people. To accomplish this, he performs all sorts of mental gyrations and contortions, all sorts of grey-goose antics. Sometimes

he is seized with a forced gaiety, which is, after all, but an abortive and lugubrious hilarity; anon he assumes a melancholy, which, if not sickly and sentimental, is put on as a mask to suit the occasion. Jules Janin is just the man who, for effect—to use the phrase of Curran—"would teach his tears to flow decorously down his cheeks; who would writhe with grace, and groan with melody." He has sought the pretty, as Longinus sought the sublime. He delights in ingenious paradoxes, which he presents to you in ten different fashions: sometimes all rude and naked; sometimes with a thin robe of gauze; sometimes painted, powdered, and patched, with flounce and furbelow to match. Janin is seldom deficient in delicate irony, but is always full of mincing airs and graces, and an *esprit à-la-mode* de Paris. But in his gallon of sugared sack, there is but a "ha'porth" of bread, after all. In the stream of pet phrases which he pours forth, there is a tinniness, if not a tenuity of idea. His style might be stereotyped. It would be a great saving to the "Débats" to have certain fond familiar words always set up, standing in ease. Scores and scores of times, speaking of *débutantes*, he has said: "Pauvre jeune fille aux jones roses, aux mains blanches, elle si pure, elle si candide."

Would he describe an age or an epoch, here are his words:—"Ce XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle en manchette, en dentelles, en talons rouges, en velours, en paillettes, avec ses mouches, son rouge, ce XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle si fardé si corrompu," &c. This carillon of click-clack, this fredon—to use a musical term—of phrases; this floritura of variations and doubles, called by musicians "folia di Spagna," is very contemptible; but it has had great vogue; for the object of this writer is more to amuse than to inform the reader, more to be playful than profound, more to be satirical than solid or satisfying. It is, therefore, no matter of marvel that Janin has many admirers and many imitators, and is the rage of men, women, and children.

One of the burning and shining lights of the higher *feuilleton* of the "Débats" in 1830 and 1831, was Loève Weymar, who had become known in 1828 and 1829, by translations from the German. His articles were distinguished by considerable brilliancy, and secured the approbation of the minister of the day. He was, in consequence, sent on a kind of literary mission to Russia. At St. Petersburg he married a young Russian lady, with 700 or 800 slaves for a dowry, and is now consul-general of France in some part of the eastern hemisphere. This is a sort of accident which has never happened, we believe, to any writer in the "Times" or "Chronicle," literary or political. Ministers in England claim no kindred, and have no fellow feeling, with the press; and if the "sublime of mediocrity," the descendant of the Lancashire cotton-spinner, has anything to give away, he bestows it, not on writers or literary men, but on the stupid son of some duke, who calls him Judas and traitor, or on the thirty-first cousin of some marquess, who tells him, for his pains, that he is no gentleman, and does not know what to do with his hands; or on the nephew of the Countess of Fashington,\* who simpers out, with a seductive smile, that the premier is like Thresher's best silk stockings, fine and well woven on the leg, but, after all, with a cotton top.

The "Débats" was also enriched shortly after

\* An explanation of the word "*feuilleton*" may be needed by some of our readers. Till within the last ten years, that part of the newspaper separated by a line of demarcation from the politics and mere news, was called the *feuilleton*. It consisted of small, short columns, and was devoted to literature and literary criticism. It was in these columns that the Geoffroys, Hoffmanns, and other able and learned men of the day, produced articles worthy of a permanent place in the standard literature of France. This was the ancient *feuilleton*, which degenerated in the hands of Janin. Though subsequently sought to be restored to its pristine purity by Evariste, Dumoulin, Saint Beuve, Nisard, Gustave Planche, and others, the ancient *feuilleton* has now expanded into the "Roman *feuilleton*," in which all sorts of literary monstrosities are perpetrated.

\* This is the *mot* of a fashionable countess.

the revolution of 1830, by the letters and articles of Michel Chevalier, an élève of the "Ecole Polytechnique," and former editor of the "Globe." Some of his earliest productions in the "Débats" were the Letters from America—letters remarkable in every respect, and well entitling this celebrated economist and engineer to the renown he has subsequently attained. On the early freaks of M. Chevalier as a St. Simonian, it is no part of our business to dwell. He has outlived those follies, and is now pursuing a useful and prosperous career, not merely in the "Débats," but as a professor in the university; and what is better still, in his profession.

Another recruit obtained in 1830, was our excellent friend, M. Philarete Chasles, one of the half-dozen men in France who are learned in ancient lore, and complete master of their native language. M. Chasles is one of the very few Frenchmen well versed in Greek literature. He accompanied Marshal Soult to England in 1837, and wrote the articles and letters on his visit which appeared in the "Débats" at that time. M. Chasles was then also deputed, on the part of the government, to inquire into the scholastic and university system of England; and from conversations we had with him on the subject, we can take upon ourselves to assert, that he had a more accurate knowledge on those matters than falls to the lot of the great majority of Frenchmen. M. Chasles' familiarity with ancient literature in no respect indisposes him to the modern; and he is well read in our English historians and poets.

We have now gone through with the greater number of regular writers in the "Débats," and of these M. de Sacy, M. St. Marc Girardin, M. Philarete Chasles, and others, still afford their valuable aid. At the head of the establishment is M. Armand Bertin, the son of one of the late proprietors and the nephew of the other—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of large and liberal feelings. The great boast of M. Armand Bertin is, that he is a journalist, and nothing but a journalist; and for renowned journalists of all countries M. Bertin has a predilection. With one of the most celebrated journalists that England ever produced, he was on terms of the warmest friendship; and we are ourselves in possession of his last gift to his and our departed friend, the rarest edition of Lucan, according to Brunet, beautifully bound by Koehler, which bears this autograph, "To my friend, Thomas Barnes. Armand Bertin."

But the writers who afford a literary support to the "Débats," and whose names are not known, or at least not avowed, are of as much, if not more, consequence to the journal, than the regular contributors. There has been scarcely, for the last forty years, a minister of France or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in it; and since the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the Chamber and in the House of Peers. In the Chamber of Deputies alone there are eight or ten members attached to the king personally, aid-de-camps and employés on the civil list, and such of these as are capable of wielding a quill, place it at the service of the "Débats." Among the feuilleton writers of this journal, are some of the most celebrated in Paris—as Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, &c. Since the size of the journal has been increased, the lucubrations of Jules Janin appear more rarely, and Theophile Gautier, too, does not

seem to write so often; but Alexandre Dumas often fills ten of the smaller columns with the productions of his inexhaustible pen. From two to four columns are generally dedicated to leading articles. The price of the journal is seven francs a month, 20 francs for three months, 40 francs for six months, and 80 francs for a year. The price in London is 3*l.* 10*s.* the year, 1*l.* 15*s.* the half-year, and 17*s.* 6*d.* the quarter.

The "Journal des Débats" is said now to have 9,000 or 10,000 abonnés; and 10,000 abonnés at 80 francs a year, we need hardly say, is equivalent to 20,000 at 40 francs, the price at which the "Constitutionnel," the "Siècle," the "Presse," and other journals, are published. The political articles in the "Débats" are superior in style and reasoning to anything in the English periodical press. They are not merely distinguished by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred and polished society. For these articles large sums are paid in money; but they bear a value to the writers far above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the "Débats" is sure of promotion, either to a professorship, to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état, to a consulship, or, peradventure, to the post of minister at some second or third-rate court—a position attained by M. Bourquenay, a fourth or fifth-rate writer in that paper at the period of the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the "Times," little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing counsel, Mr. (now Baron) Platt, a judge; but the "Journal des Débats" may boast, that it can give power as well as take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambassadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of requests, as well as poets, historians, orators, musicians, dancers, modistes, perruquiers—nay, even to that ninth part of a man called a tailor, or to that eighteenth fractional part of a man, unknown in England, called a "tailleur de chemises."

The "Constitutionnel" was, about twenty or twenty-five years ago, (i. e., from 1820 to 1825,) the most successful and flourishing, and certainly one of the best conducted papers in France. It had then a greater circulation than any paper in Paris, as the following figures will prove:—

|                                |                 |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Débats, . . . . .              | 13,000 abonnés. |
| Quotidienne, . . . . .         | 5,800 —         |
| Journal de Paris, . . . . .    | 4,175 —         |
| Courrier Français, . . . . .   | 2,975 —         |
| Etoile, . . . . .              | 2,749 —         |
| Journal de Commerce, . . . . . | 2,380 —         |
| Moniteur, . . . . .            | 2,250 —         |
| Constitutionnel, . . . . .     | 16,250 —        |

But the "Constitutionnel" had, from 1815, two or three staple articles to trade in, of which it made a great literary market. First, there were the Voltairian principles and opinions, which it put forth daily; 2ndly, there were denunciations of the "Parti Prêtre" and of the Jesuits, and the affair of the Abbé Contrefatto; and 3rdly, there was the retrograde march of the government, caused by the intrigues of the Pavilion Marsan, which promoted, and indeed justified, a vigorous opposition. The soul of this opposition was Charles William Etienne, who had shortly before, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, acquired a single share in the paper. Etienne started in Paris as secretary to the Duke of Bassano, and was named, in 1810, as we have stated, one of the higher political writers of the



"Journal des Débats." From this position he was removed after the Restoration, and throwing himself with heart and soul into the "Minerve Française," produced by his "Lettres sur Paris," a prompt and prodigious success.

It was soon after these letters had been collected in a volume, and had gone through several editions, that Etienne became a shareholder in the "Constitutionnel." His lively and piquant articles, full of strength and spirit, soon contributed to raise the paper. These efforts, so every way useful to the liberal cause, had fixed public attention on the most successful writer on that side of the question, and on a man who joined to this renown the additional merit of being the author of some of the very best comedies in the French language; such, for instance, as the "Deux Gendres," the "Intriguante," "Une Heure de Mariage," "Jeannot et Collin," &c. &c. The department of the Meuse selected him, therefore, in 1820, as one of its deputies; and from that period to 1830, he continued to figure as one of the firmest and steadiest defenders of the liberties secured by the charter. M. Etienne displayed at the tribune the spirit and taste with which his literary productions are imbued. Some of his discourses produced a prodigious effect on the public mind, and his general political conduct procured for him the warm friendship and esteem of Manuel, who frequently contributed to the "Constitutionnel." Within three years after this period, Manuel rendered him a signal service, in introducing to his notice a young and unknown writer, who within ten years was destined to be a minister of France. This was none other than Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had then just published, in conjunction with Felix Bodin, the two first volumes of his "Histoire de la Révolution Française." M. Etienne, with the sagacity of a practised man of the world, saw from the first the talent of his young contributor, and at once opened to him the columns of the "Constitutionnel." The articles of Thiers bore the impress of that clearness and logical vigor, of that liveliness and lucidity of style, which constitute his greatest charm. For six years Thiers continued to write in the "Constitutionnel;" and it was not until August, 1829, when he founded the "National," in conjunction with the late Armand Carrel, of which Thiers was rédacteur en chef, that he abandoned the small room in the first floor of the Rue Montmartre, No. 121, in which we have often sat in the last days of 1828, when Etienne conducted the paper, and in which very chamber our last visit was paid to M. Merruau—at present, rédacteur en chef—in the month of April, 1846. During the period of Thiers' collaboration, his friend and countryman, Mignet, occasionally wrote articles, distinguished by neatness of style and correctness of view. During the Villèle administration, the "Constitutionnel" may be said to have attained its highest prosperity. It then numbered nearly 30,000 subscribers, and existed on the cry of "à bas les Jésuites!" The "Constitutionnel" of those days had no Roman feuilleton, and lived altogether on its reputation as a political paper. Many were the prosecutions which this journal had to undergo; but the most celebrated, perhaps, was that in which its articles were accused of "a tendency to bring the religion of the state into contempt." It was on the occasion of this suit, that M. Dupin, the friend and counsel of M. Etienne, shut himself up for a month in his study to read theology, in order to be enabled to tear to tatters the "acte d'accusation," or indictment,

of the attorney-general. In this he was successful, as was proved by the arrêt, or decision of the Cour Royale, and the triumph redounded to the credit of the advocate, while it greatly tended to increase the circulation of the paper. From the period of the Revolution of 1830, however, the "Constitutionnel" began to decline, and in 1843, three years ago, it had but 3500 abonnés. In changing hands in 1844, the new proprietors reduced the price of the journal one half, i. e., from 80 to 40 francs, while they raised the remuneration for the feuilleton from 150 to 500 francs. In consequence of this judicious liberality, the most popular writers of Paris contributed to its columns. From the 1st of April, 1845, Alexandre Dumas bound himself to produce only eighteen volumes in the year—nine in the "Presse," and nine in the "Constitutionnel;" and Eugene Sue has also lent his exclusive coöperation to the "Constitutionnel" for a period of fourteen years, for which he is to receive an immense sum. "La Dame de Monseigneur," by Dumas, and "Les Sept Péchés Capitaux," by Eugene Sue, have both had an immense success. The "Constitutionnel" has agreed to give Eugene Sue 10,000 francs a volume, to take him from the "Presse;" and Dumas receives a sum very nearly equal. There are half a dozen other novels at this moment in publication in the columns of this journal; among others, the "Cabinet Noir," by Charles Rabou; and the subscribers are to receive (gratis) all that has appeared in what they call their "Bibliothèque Choisie."

In the political department, the "Constitutionnel" has now first-rate assistance. De Remusat, ex-minister, Duvergier d'Hauranne, one of the most enlightened deputies of the Chamber, and M. Thiers, often lend their able aid. The editor of the "Constitutionnel" is M. Merruau, an able political writer, and a gentleman of the blandest and most winning manners. It was Merruau who reviewed the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," by Thiers, in the "Constitutionnel." The "Constitutionnel" consists of twenty columns, of which five are devoted to advertisements. The price in Paris is 40 francs a year, and the number of abonnés is 24,000—a number equal to the "Presse," but falling far below that of the "Siècle," which is said to possess 42,000.

The "Courrier Français" is one of the oldest of the Parisian papers, but it has undergone many transformations of late. In 1827-28-29, it supported the same cause as the "Constitutionnel," with greater spirit, if not with equal talent. When the "Constitutionnel" had become rather indifferent or lukewarm towards those principles with which its fortunes originated, the "Courrier Français," though poor in respect to fortune, as compared with the "Constitutionnel," was foremost boldly to attack the ministers, and to defy persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary punishment, whilst the "Constitutionnel," like those individuals who have amassed immense wealth, acted a more prudent part, and was content to appear as a safe auxiliary. The principal editor at the period of which we speak, was Benjamin Constant. His articles were remarkable for a fine and delicate spirit of observation, for a finesse and irony which, in saying the bitterest things, never transgressed the bounds of good breeding. The charm of his style, too, was most attractive. Shortly before the Revolution of July broke out, Constant had undergone a severe surgical operation, and had retired from Paris into the



country; Lafayette wrote to him in these words—"Il se joue ici un jeu terrible: nos têtes servent d'en jeu; apportez la votre." Constant at once came and had an interview with the monarch now on the throne, who made to him certain propositions, to which Constant replied, "Je veux rester independant, et si votre gouvernement fait des fautes je serai le premier à rallier l'opposition."\* The faults of the new government hastened his death. He expired within a few months, almost despairing of the liberties of his country. Though the "Courrier Français" was, from 1825 to 1830, supported by the eloquent pens of Constant, Villmain, Cauchois, Lemaire, and Mignet who was at one period its editor, yet it never, in these days, numbered above 5000 abonnés. There is no more practical truth in literature than that no amount of good writing will raise the fortunes of a failing newspaper. To write up a failing literary enterprise is a task for the pen of angels, and is almost beyond the power of mortal man. After the death of Constant there were many editors, among others, Leon Faucher, original editor of the "Temps"—a paper founded by an homme à projets, named Jaques Coste, originally a cooper at Bordeaux, and subsequently one of the editors of the "Constitutionnel." This gentleman, who is an able, pains-taking, and well informed man, and who has recently made himself more advantageously known by a work called "Etudes sur l'Angleterre," continued at the "Courrier" till the end of 1842. Under him it represented the Gauche, and he had the merit of operating a fusion with the Centre Gauche; but notwithstanding this fact, and the occasional appearance of good articles, the fortunes of the "Courrier" did not improve. A change in the distribution of parts was next tried. M. Adolphe Boule was named directeur of the journal; M. E. de Reims secrétaire du comité du Centre Gauche, rédacteur en chef, with M. Eugene Guinot as feuilletoniste, but this combination was no more successful than all previous ones. Sometime at the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, the "Courrier" was sold, and it is now conducted by M. Xavier Durrieu, by M. de Limerac, and by M. Du Coing, the defender of Rosas. The circulation is not more than 3000 or 4000.

The "Gazette de France," as we stated at the beginning of this article, is one of the oldest newspapers in France. Under Villèle and Peyronnet, in 1827 and 1828, it was converted into an evening paper, and substituted for the "Etoile." It was then the organ of the Jesuitical party, and expressed in all its hideous nakedness the frenzy of the most fanatical ultraism. It had in 1827 no support whatever from private subscribers, but drew all its resources from the treasury, where it had powerful and influential friends. The Bishop of Hermopolis—Count Frassinous—at that period minister of worship and of public instruction, was one of its most able and influential supporters; M. de Genoude, then a married man, now an abbé and a priest, was the theatrical critic, and M. Benabini, formerly of the "Etoile," his associate. Genoude having since become a widower, entered holy orders, and is now a mundane abbé, so devoured by ambition, that he looks to the cardinalate. Though a regular priest, Genoude is a thorough Jesuit at heart, and we verily believe neither honest nor sincere as a priest or a politician. Like Henry of Exeter, his great object is personal advancement,

\* We are indebted for these details concerning our lamented friend to Monsieur J. P. Pagès.

and he endeavors to compass his ends by all and every means: to-day by flattering the aristocracy; and to-morrow, by pandering to the lowest tastes of the lowest rabble. De Genoude pretends to write under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, who lives at Toulouse, altogether retired from public life, but it may be well doubted whether so able a man would commit himself in any way with such a charlatan. It would be unjust not to admit that there are occasionally (there were the contributions of Colnet, from 1836 to 1837) good articles in the Gazette; but, on the other hand, it must be averred that it is generally an unreadable paper, unless to such as are strongly tinged with a Carlist or priestly bias. The great writer and chief support of the "Gazette de France"—Colnet—died of cholera, in May, 1832. The last time we spent a day in his company, was in September, 1831. We had just returned from Russia, where the cholera was raging furiously, and well remember his making many inquiries as to the progress of the complaint, which had then reached Germany, and which he predicted would soon rage in France. Within four months afterwards, it had reached France, and within seven, poor Colnet was a victim to it. Colnet was born a noble, being the son of a garde-du-corps who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy. His first studies were made at the Military College of Brie, then at the Military College of Paris, where Bonaparte and Bertrand were his fellow-students and associates. Neither his taste nor his feeble health allowing him to enter the army, he studied medicine under Cabanis and Corvisart, but expelled from the capital, in 1793, as a noble, he passed more than two years in solitude at Chauny, at the house of a poor apothecary. Returning to Paris in 1795, he established himself as a bookseller at the corner of the Rue du Bac, opposite the Port Royale. He was so prosperous in this enterprise, that in 1805 he was enabled to establish a second shop in the Quai Malaquais. Here, in a little room which he called his cave, he assembled around him some able writers, a majority of whom were hostile to the imperial government. These half dozen men were deemed so formidable, that Fouché tried every means to silence or bribe the chief. But Colnet was as inflexible as incorruptible. During fifteen years, i. e., from 1816 to 1831, he labored at the "Gazette de France," signing all his articles with his name; and it may be truly said, that nine out of every ten readers only took up the journal to read Colnet. His lively and learned attacks against the apocryphal memoirs in vogue about twenty years ago, which he exposed with the hand of a master, induced the Minister of the Interior, Count Corbière, to thank him in a friendly and flattering letter. But we order these things differently in England. A man might now write with the eloquence of Burke, the wisdom of Plato and Socrates, and the wit of Sheridan, and neither the Peels, nor the Gladstones, nor the Goulbourns, nor any of the mediocre fry whom we in our besotted ignorance call statesmen, would take the least notice of him. It was not always so. The minister Wyndham, within the memory of living men, wrote to that racy writer of pure Saxon, Cobbett, thanking him for his aid, and saying that he deserved a statue of gold. By the means of translations and open plagiarisms from Colnet, a late Right Hon. Secretary of the admiralty and great Quarterly Reviewer, obtained the praise of being a good French scholar and historian. The staple of most of the articles on French literature and

memoirs, published about ten or twelve years ago in the "Quarterly," was contraband, stolen from Colnet, and smuggled into the Review as though it were native produce. There was not a critic in England to detect or expose this plagiarism, or to prove to our countrymen that there was scarcely an original thought in the articles, all being borrowed or literally translated from the French. The ignorance of France and of French literature in England is astonishing. With the exception of Mr. Crowe, recently foreign editor of the "Morning Chronicle," we do not believe there is a single man at the press of England well informed on France and French literature.

Under the ministry of Villèle, Genoude was made a Conseiller d'Etat. He then placed the prefix to his name, and obtained, although son of a limonadier of Grenoble, letters of nobility. Now it suits M. de Genoude to demand assemblées primaires—or a general council of the nation—in the hope—the vain hope—that the people would call back the elder branch of the Bourbons. This cry has failed to cause any fusion of ultra-royalists and republicans. The people well know that Genoude and his party are not sincere, and that he and they only clamor for universal suffrage, under the impression that power would be transferred from the bourgeoisie to the grands and petits seigneurs and their dependents. M. Lourdoueix, formerly an ex-chef des Belles Lettres in the Ministry of the Interior, is supposed to write many of the articles conceived in this spirit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has brought his talent to a wrong market. Theatres are supposed to be reviewed by M. de la Forest, and a few years ago the place of Colnet was filled—though his loss was not supplied—by another bookseller, M. Bossange, author of a theatrical piece.

M. de Nettement, son of the late consul-general of France in London, frequently writes in the "Gazette de France," and also in the "Corsaire Satan," another paper of M. Genoude. The circulation of the "Gazette de France" has diminished within the last year. It had, a couple of years ago, about 1500 subscribers in Paris, and about 4000 in the provinces, but now the abonnés in Paris are scarcely a thousand, and it is said not to have 3000 in the provinces. The legitimist press is reported to have lost 4000 subscribers since the feuilletons of Alexandre Dumas, and of that lively writer, Theophile Gautier, have been admitted into it. Both these gentlemen are liberals, and your true Carlist, too much like some of the same breed among ourselves, would scorn to be instructed, and will not deign to be even entertained by the most amusing liberal in Christendom.

The "Quotidienne" was a most furiously bigoted high church paper in the days of Villèle, and it is so still. It detests the very name of the revolution, and abhors the memory of all those who remained in France during its progress. In 1827 and 1828, the "Quotidienne" was written in a most obsolete and barbarous style, by young seminarists, who had never seen the world, and who were taught to admire the ages of monks and inquisitors. During the Martignac administration, the "Quotidienne" was enthusiastically supported by the pure Ultras, at the head of whom were La Bourdonnaye, Delalot, and Hyde de Neuville. M. de la Bourdonnaye, then the leader of the centre opposition, and afterwards, for a short period,

a member of the Polignac administration, frequently wrote in it; and one of the recognized editors at this period was the founder of the journal, Joseph Michaud, author of the "History of the Crusades." M. Merle used to write the theatrical, and M. Balzac the feuilletons; but of late, this latter person has ceased to write. The circulation of the "Quotidienne" is under 4000.

We are now about to speak of a remarkable man and a remarkable journal—the man, the late Armand Carrel—the journal, the "National." Carrel was born at Rouen, in 1800, of a legitimist family. From his earliest youth, though his family were all engaged in commerce, he exhibited a predominant passion for the military profession, and was entered of the college of St. Cyr. While a sous-lieutenant of the 29th regiment of the line, in garrison at Bèfort, he took an active part in the conspiracy of 1821, which failed miserably. He was not either discovered or denounced, and proceeded with his regiment to Marseilles.

The war of 1824 had just broken out in Spain, when, impelled by a love of adventure, he resigned the military service of his country, embarked on board a fishing-boat at Marseilles for Barcelona, and entered the French regiment of Napoleon the Second. This foreign legion, after much adverse fortune, capitulated to the French troops. The capitulation included the French as well as the Spanish soldiers. They were, nevertheless, thrown into prison, and ultimately dragged before a council of war. Carrel was tried and acquitted. But this affair put an end to all hope of preferment in the army, or, indeed, to a military career, and Carrel thought of studying the law. But he was not a Bachelor of Arts, or, as the French say, a Bachelor in Letters, and the law, too, he was obliged to renounce. He became the secretary of a distinguished historian, and in this way it was that his literary and political labors commenced. He wrote a resumé of the Histories of Scotland and Modern Greece for the booksellers; and various articles in the "Revue Americaine," the "Constitutionnel," the "Globe," the "Revue Française," and the "Producteur." In 1827, he published, in his twenty-seventh year, his "Histoire de la contre Révolution en Angleterre," a work of sterling merit, and was rising into the first eminence as author and journalist, when, in 1829, Jules de Polignac was called from the embassy of London, to fill the place of president of the council of ministers in France. Carrel's eager mind, weary of what appeared to him the languor and indifference of the other journals, conceived the idea of founding the "National." He communicated his intention to Thiers and Mignet. It was agreed that they should each in turn take the place of rédacteur-en-chef for a year. Thiers, as the eldest of the three, was first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and spirit till the revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first the "National" set out with the idea that the dynasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleanism, yet at this period Thiers had never seen the Duke of Orleans, now Louis-Philippe.\* The effect produced by the refusal of a budget, and the refusal to pay taxes, was immense—a

\* He has stated this in his last famous speech, in the month of March, in the chamber of deputies.

refusal owing altogether to the spirited counsels and articles of the "National." The crisis and the coup d'état of the incapable ministry were hastened, if not produced, by this journal.

On the 26th of July, 1830, the editors behaved nobly. At the office of the "National" it was, that the famous protest was drawn up and signed, which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of resistance. The authors of this remarkable document were Thiers and Rémusat—both afterwards ministers—and Cauchois Lemaire, a journalist and man of letters. To issue such a document was to put one's head in peril; yet it was signed, and speedily, too, by the soldiers of the pen. On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the presses of the journal were broken, Thiers and Carrel protesting against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn, after the revolution had been happily accomplished, to take the conduct of the paper, for Thiers and Mignet had both received employments in the new government. Ably for some time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pacific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from this mission he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also offered promotion in the army; but he rejected both offers, and resumed the editorship of the "National," now the firmest as well as the ablest organ of the democracy. In the columns of the journal, which he conducted with such surpassing ability, he never concealed or mitigated his radical and republican tendencies. His idea of a supreme magistrate was, that he should be elective and responsible; that the second chamber should be elective, and the press inviolable. Political reforms were, in his opinion, the only sure logical and legitimate mode of producing social reforms. To the arbitrary and high-handed ministry of Périer he opposed a vigorous resistance. When the rich banker, merchant, manufacturer, and minister, who had all the arrogance of a nouveau riche, and all the insolence of a vieux talon rouge, wished to proceed to extremities against the press, Carrel said, in the "National," "that every writer, with a proper sense of the dignity of a citizen, would oppose the law to illegality, and force to force—that being a sacred duty, come what might." The minister hesitated in his plans, and Carrel remained victor. The masculine breadth of Carrel's style—his bold, brave, and defiant tone—which, to use the graphic description of his friend, M. de Cormenin, "semblait sonner du clairon et monter à l'assaut," procured him many enemies; and there were not wanting those who speculated to rise in life, by coming into personal encounter with a man so formidable, and filling so large a space in the public eye. Just, generous, disinterested, Carrel was intrepid as a lion—chivalrous, and, like all noble natures, somewhat touchy on the point of honor; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel or squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of whose character all who came in contact with him bowed down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girardin, the editor of "La Presse."

Thus perished, in his thirty-sixth year, the founder—the creator—the life and soul of the "National"—a person of rare courage—of a bold

and manly eloquence—the eloquence of feeling, not of phrases or of words—and a political writer of the very highest order. There was a simplicity, a clearness, a firmness, and a noble coloring and grandeur in all he said and in all he wrote, for he was a man of heart and conviction, simple, sincere, and straightforward. The two greatest geniuses of France—representing the poetry and prose of our epoch—followed him to the tomb. His friends Béranger and Chateaubriand wept over his mangled remains, and have recorded—the one in undying verse, the other in imperishable prose—their deep and mournful sense of the loss which France sustained in his premature and melancholy end. Carrel was tall and handsome, with a countenance sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. His air was chivalrous, and that of a soldier, but his manners were somewhat haughty and stern. His habits and tastes were what would be called aristocratic, and he was no lover of equality or of communism. He had engaged, a few months before his death, to write the life of Napoleon, and had he lived he would have produced a work worthy of the subject—worthy of himself. It was so arranged, also, that if he had been spared a month longer, the chamber would have resounded with his earnest and eloquent voice, but the hopes of his friends and his country concerning him were soon to be forever blighted. Since the death of Carrel the "National" has been conducted with much less talent, and with a total absence of judgment. It has ever remained a pure republican paper, and conscientiously so; but it is possible to be purely republican without sowing noxious national hatred, or seeking to set Englishmen and Frenchmen by the ears, as it now does designedly, and with malice prepense. We desire a good intelligence with all the world, but a friendly, a kindly intelligence with France. "The Douglas and the Percy both together" are more than a match for all the other nations of the earth. The "National" now reflects the opinions of a portion of the French working classes, but it has not above 3000 or 4000 abonnés. In 1836, before Carrel was killed, it had 4300 abonnés. But though the number of subscribers was then small, the influence of the journal was immense. This is no uncommon thing in France. The "Globe," under the restoration, though far from having so many subscribers as the "Constitutionnel," had much more influence—influence not merely upon the men, but upon the ideas of the epoch. A journal may have a great and wide publicity, without a great many subscribers. The publicity of the "Reforme" and the "National" is as real and as great as the publicity of the "Siècle" and the "Presse." They may have less abonnés, but they have as many readers. It were a great mistake to suppose that the numbers of a French journal subscribed for, or sold, is any test of the number of its readers. The "Débats," for instance, has about 9000 subscribers, and probably not above 20,000 readers, *i. e.*, two and a fraction to each paper, whereas, the "National," with only 4000 abonnés, probably has 24,000 readers, or six to each paper.

Every Frenchman, high or low, is more or less of a politician, and therefore newspapers are in greater number, and circulate through infinitely more hands than in England. This is true of the dearest among them, the organ of every government, the "Débats;" but it is true in a ten-fold degree, of a paper appealing to popular style, and



advocating doctrines which obtain a ready acquiescence and favor among the working classes. In every cabinet de lecture—in every restaurant—in every café—in every gargote—in every guinguette—on the counter of every marchand de vin—in every workshop where ouvriers are congregated—such a paper is to be found. In the workshop it is read aloud by some one workman, pro bono publico—in the restaurant, the café, the gargote, and the guinguette, it is eagerly passed from hand to hand. Though, therefore, it may be admitted that the “*Débats*” has more abonnés than the “*National*,” and makes more money, yet the “*National*” makes more converts, for its sentiments are diffused more widely and take deeper root. La Roche and Marrast, formerly of the “*Tribune*,” conducted the “*National*” subsequently to the death of Carrel. It is now, we believe, conducted by Bastide and Thomas.

The “*Siècle*” is a paper which, though established within the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been the first journal to start at the price of forty francs a year, at a period when every other journal was published at a cost of from seventy to eighty francs; partly to its being published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition—and partly to its being what the “*Constitutionnel*” was, from 1820 to 1825, the journal of the shop-keepers and epicier. Since it started into being, every journal in Paris, with the exception of the “*Débats*,” has lowered its price, and all of them have enlarged their form; but these mutations and transformations have not injured the “*Siècle*,” because it represents the opinion of the majority—the opinion, in a word, of la petite bourgeoisie—the small shopkeepers in cities and towns, and the proletaires throughout the country. The “*Siècle*” is said to have 42,000 abonnés, and the shares of 200 francs, which have always borne an interest, have been nearly reimbursed to the proprietors, and are now worth five or six times their original cost. Ten years ago there were only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial speculation; these were the “*Gazette des Tribunaux*” and the “*Constitutionnel*,” but now the “*Siècle*” and the “*Presse*” are the most successful as commercial speculations. To show the vicissitudes of newspaper property in France, it may be here stated, that in 1839 the “*Presse*” was sold for 1200 francs, but in 1841, two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new proprietors.

The editor of the “*Siècle*” is M. A. Chambolle, a member of the chamber; and M. Gustave Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, forms a portion of the conseil de rédaction. The painstaking and laborious Leon Faucher also writes in the political department. That very dull, common-place, pompous, overrated man, Odillon Barrot, to whose family comprising brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, and nephews, the revolution has given 110,000*f.* a year, and concessions of land in Africa, valued at 42,000*f.* a year, is the object of the “*Siècle*’s” idolatry. This is not to be wondered at. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of Odillon, a writer, and a share-holder in and supporter of the “*Siècle*,” received 24,000*f.* as avocat du Trésor; and on the first of May, in the past year, one of the editors of the “*Siècle*” obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor. No wonder, then, that the writers in this journal call the ex Volontaire Royal, who wept over the boots of Louis the

Eighteenth the night of his departure for Ghent, and who received in recompense of his loyal tears, at the period of the second Restoration, as a gift from the king, a place which he afterwards sold to the Jew advocate, Crimeux, for 300,000*f.*—no wonder that they call this patriotic recipient and dispenser of good fat sinecures, “*orateur éminent, homme politique considerable*.” If a pompous and prophetic tone, a magisterial and solemn air, and common-place ideas and sentiments, suffice to make an eminent orator, and the postponing of electoral reform till liberty is secured by the erection of the enceinte continuée, a considerable politician—what an anti-climax!—then is Odillon Barrot an eminent orator and a considerable politician.

The “*Siècle*” has not enlarged its size. It consists of twelve columns, exclusive of advertisements, and is about eighteen inches long, and twelve and a half broad. The feuilleton consists of six columns, and is much better written than any other portion of the paper. Alphonse Karr, the author of the “*Guêpes*,” is one of the principal contributors, and Frederic Soulié has sold his pen as a feuilletoniste for six years to the “*Siècle*” and the “*Presse*” conjointly. The “*Siècle*” has always appeared to us a dull paper—probably it is necessary that the writers should level themselves down to the intellect of the genre epicier—and indifferently written. The review of Thiers’ History, which made some noise, was by Chambolle, the editor, as the review in the “*Constitutionnel*” was written by Merruau, the friend of Thiers. But a far more correct, comprehensive, copious and fairer review of this work, appeared just after its publication, in No. 69 of the “*Foreign Quarterly Review*,” published in the month of April, last year.

We are now to speak of the oldest of the new order of journals—we mean “*La Presse*.” This paper was founded in June, 1836, by M. Emile de Girardin, said to be a natural son of the Count Alexander, or his brother, Stanislas Girardin, by an English mother. The revolution of 1830 saw Emile de Girardin an Inspector des Beaux Arts. Shortly after that event, he became the editor of the “*Journal des Connaissances Utiles*,” of the “*Panthéon Littéraire*,” of the “*Musée de Familles*,” and of the “*Voleur*,” but all these journals died in quick succession. He then published a book called “*Emile*,” which had no great success.

This is certainly no proof of want of talent, or, at best, but negative proof, while it affords positive evidence of no common energy, and very great industry. As M. Girardin had no fortune, and had married the pretty Delphine Gay, (daughter of Sophie Gay,) who had nothing but her pen and poetry, it was necessary he should do something to create an existence, or a name and an existence, if that were possible. Conjointly, then, with an homme à projets, one M. Boutmey, who had invented a machine called paracrotte, or mud-defender, which was to be attached to the heels of pedestrians, and another instrument, called a physiortype, the ingenious Emile launched on the waters of the Seine, the project of the “*Presse*.” As the journal was larger and cheaper than all other French journals—as it was a joint-stock company on a new plan, as applied to newspapers—as, in a word, there was a garish, slap-dash flourish, and melodramatic charlatanism about the thing, and a certain varnish of cleverness, shrewdness, modest assurance, novelty, and rouerie—the prospectus took; the shares went off briskly; and,

lo, and behold! the journal was born, a strong and healthy babe, after no long or painful gestation. In 1837, when only a year old, it had 15,000 abonnés; and in 1838, the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. It must, in justice to this journal, be stated, that it was the first to teach the French public the use and advantage of advertisements. Twenty years previously, there were not two columns of advertisements in any French paper; whereas, two years after the existence of the "Presse," it could boast of five columns well-filled. The mother of Mde. Emile de Girardin—Sophie Gay, née Lavalette—had published, under the title of "Causeries du Monde," a periodical work, of which she had sold the copyright to Alphonse Karr, the sharp writer of the "Guêpes." This maternal precedent, doubtless, suggested to the daughter, then of the ripe age of thirty, but of considerable beauty, no mean accomplishments, of rare talents, and already favorably known as a poetess, to help her husband Emile in his new avocation. She started accordingly in the "Presse," with a series of articles called "Causeries Parisiennes," signed the Vicomte de Launay, which papers had immense success. Many of the vulgar-minded and title-worshipping of our countrymen—and their name is Legion—will suppose that this was from the aristocratic pseudonyme with which the articles were signed; but no human being in France cares a rush for a title, unless the bearer of it has something better to recommend him. In Paris, and, indeed, in all France, society has agreed that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man 's the *goud* for a' that."

If De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and De la Martine, were in a salon in France with the De Montmorencys, the De Levis, the De Guiches, the poets and men of genius would march to the salle à manger before the feudal, territorial, and mentally undistinguished aristocracy; and the place of honor would be assigned them in any assembly. Not so, indeed, in free and liberal England. It was not therefore, because of the aristocratic name attached, that the "Causeries" were read, but because of the ease, grace, spirit, and talent, which they disclosed. That they were what is called a "lucky hit," and pleased readers, there can be no doubt. Meanwhile the paper was practically conducted, and in a most mercantile spirit. The interests of the commercial and shopkeeping classes, as well as of the very numerous class of petits rentiers, were considered, sustained, and pandered to. In the political department, the journal had no very fixed or staple principles, and took for its motto, "Au jour le jour." As to political creed or conviction, the thing never entered into the head of Girardin, unless as a means to wealth, consideration—and what the French call, a position. But the man was adroit, confident, ready, and full of resources, and never despaired even when his prospects were of the gloomiest. With all his address and management, he barely paid his expenses. The Russian emperor and the Russian system of government, however, were without a champion at the Parisian press, and Girardin entered the lists. That this was done from pure love and affection, all Paris believes; for everybody knows that the Russian emperor never pays literary men either in paper roubles or silver roubles. Whether they are ever paid by him in Dutch ducats, or malachite vases,

or bills drawn by the Baron Stieglitz, the Jewish banker, on the English Quay, at Petersburg, is best known to those who pay and to those who receive, what Frederic of Prussia called the "yellow hussars." Though variable in other sentiments, feelings, and opinions, Girardin has ever been true to the monster Nicholas, and his system; and whenever he dare say a word in favor of either the one or the other, he is sure to do so. His pure love for the Cossack might be pardoned, and would be unsuspecting, if it were not contemporaneous with a fierce resentment against England, and the English. There is not a vile or a base imputation, which the "Presse," in its murky malignity, does not calumniously cast at perfidious Albion. Inhumanity, savage barbarity, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy, avarice, and corruption, are weekly, if not daily, imputed to us, by a man whose journal is conducted in the most shopkeeping spirit—by a print which seeks to put all classes under contribution, from the autocrat of the Russias to the smallest actor and actress of the Odeon or Porte St. Martin, or to the most miserable tailor who pants for notoriety. If this be doubted, the proofs are at hand. Among the works placed at the head of this article, is a pamphlet, intitled, "Venalité des Journaux, par Constant Hilbey, Ouvrier." This poor tailor tells us, at p. 12 of his pamphlet, that not only did he pay two francs a line for the insertion of a poem in the "Presse," according to the tenor of the receipt in the marginal note at foot,\* but that at the request of one of the editors, (Granier de Cassagnac) who had noticed his volume of poems, he sent that person, who first wished for a silver teapot, value 200 francs, four couverts d'argent and six small spoons. A couvert d'argent, as the reader is aware, means a silver fork, a silver spoon, and a silver-handled knife. Thus was the tailor put under contribution for four silver forks, four silver spoons, four silver-handled knives, and six small spoons, the cost of which, at the very least, must have been 200 francs. This was pretty well for a column and a half of criticism, even though the critic spoke of the author (as he did) in conjunction with Brutus, Cassius, Staberius, Quintus Remius, Quintus Cecilius, Atticus, Abelard, Cardinal d'Ossat, St. Paul, the Magdalen, and Victor Hugo.

Perfidious Albion should not, however, despair. If she should ever think the advocacy of the "Presse" worth the having—a not very likely supposition—Emile will take her brief, if the quiddam honorarium be forthcoming. What though he be now the most untiring vilipender of our name and our country—calling us robbers in China, and butchers in India; what, though he be the most curt and contemptuous in his epithets of abuse, crying, Death and hatred to the English government! what though he revel in prosperous and well-paid malignity, offer him but the brief to-morrow, and he will straightway become our zealous advocate. The scales will then fall from his eyes, and our sanguinary and sordid policy will not appear so utterly indefensible as it did when he had a retainer from Russia only. The financial prosperity of the "Presse" is said to have been in a great measure due to M. Dujarrier.

\* "La Presse, Rue St. George, 16.

"Reçu de M. Hilbey la somme de cent soixante francs, pour insertion dans le journal. Nature de l'insertion, poesie; A la Mère de celle que j'aime.

"Le Crissier, PRAVAT.

"Paris, 7 Septembre, 1839."



Though M. Emile lived in 1839, "en grand train," possessing a fine, well-furnished house; or, to use the words of Jules Janin, "aussi bien logé que les agents de change,"\* with pictures, livery-servants, carriages, horses, &c., yet somehow or other there was nothing to justify this; for the journal was sinking by little and little, and the shareholders were perpetually required to pay fresh calls. From the moment M. Dujarrier entered the concern, however, things wore a flourishing aspect; and though the expenses of management amount to 282,000 francs annually, yet each cinquantième share originally negotiated at 4000 francs, now sells from 30,000 to 35,000, albeit the shareholders have yearly received ten per cent. for their money. An unlucky fatality seems, however, to hang over this journal. In 1836, as we before stated, Girardin, the principal editor of the "Presse," shot, in a duel, the able and eloquent Carrel; and in March, 1845, Dujarrier, the associate and co-editor of Girardin, lost his life in a duel with a person of the name of Rosemond de Beauvallon, till within the last three weeks an exile in Spain,† in consequence of an arrêt of the Cour Royale de Rouen, which declared that he committed "un homicide volontaire sur la personne de M. Dujarrier, et d'avoir commis cet homicide avec préméditation."

In 1843, at the suggestion of Dujarrier, the "Presse" published, under the title of a supplement, "Le Bulletin des Tribunaux," adding 20 francs to its price. Six thousand additional subscribers were in consequence obtained in a very few months. The last accounts published by the "Presse" place its profits at 200,000 francs, or £8000 a year; and if its agreement with the "Compagnie Duveyrier" prove a successful speculation, it is estimated that its net profits will be 300,000 francs, or £12,000 a year, at the end of 1846.

To the English reader, some explanation of the "Compagnie Duveyrier" is quite indispensable. This company farms out the advertisements of certain journals, allowing the proprietors so many thousand francs a year net. To the "Presse," for instance, Duveyrier and Co. allow 100,000 francs, or £4000; and for this sum, the "Société General des Annonces," as it is called, has a right to so many columns of the journal. The head office of the society is in the Place de la Bourse, No. 8; but there are 214 bureaux d'insertion in various quarters of Paris, or from five to a dozen in each arrondissement, according to its population, commerce, &c. There is a scale of charges peculiar to the society. What are called "les annonces agréées," are charged at two francs la petite ligne, or twelve francs la grande ligne, en petit texte. It is a great problem whether this company will be successful—a problem which time alone can solve; but it is the opinion of an excellent friend of ours—the editor of the "Constitutionnel"—M. Merreau—that the undertaking will be successful. Though the small teasing and worrying usually thrown at the English by the "Presse," may have made it popular with a portion of the populace of Paris, yet its greatest success (apart from the Roman feuilleton) is owing to its com-

mercial intelligence, to its dramatic accounts of robberies, murders, fires, and sudden deaths; not forgetting its chronicle of affairs before the Police Correctionnelle.

What is the Roman feuilleton? our readers will naturally ask. It is a novel or tale, written in the most ad captandum and exaggerated fashion, from seven to fifteen small columns of which is published daily, with a view to obtain readers, and, by necessary implication, advertisements; for the advertiser will assuredly go to the journal which is most read. The "Presse" was the first to invent this execrable system, by which literature is made alternately the prostitute and decoy duck of the most sordid venality. Before 1830 the main feature and distinguishing characteristic of each French paper was its political party or color. The greedy spirit of speculation has changed this. The desire of the traders in newspapers now is by the feuilleton to absorb all literature, unless such as is published in their own pages, and to render such literature as they put forth, tributary to this soul-degrading money-grubbing. The great object of the Girardins and Cassagnacs is to get money, money, money. "Rem quocunque modo rem" is their stereotyped motto. In their anxiety to procure customers—i. e. readers and advertisements—they may be likened to the Hebrews of Holywell street, or the old-clothes men of Monmouth street and Rag-fair, who, to use the cant of the trade, are of the "pluck you in" school. The "Presse" and the "Epoque" are of the "pluck you in" and friper school in literature. In their morality any trick is fair to gain an abonné or an annonce at two francs the "petite ligne," or, still better, at twelve francs "la grande ligne en petit texte." Journalism and literature run equal dangers from these tricky tradesmen. In seeking to make newspapers books, and books newspapers, these men destroy the distinctive character and nature of books and newspapers. The book in being cut up into fragments, and written not to portray truth and nature, but to suit the journal and its customers, is written to sample and pattern. At the end of the tenth, or twelfth, or seventh column, as the case may be, there is an interesting situation, where the tale breaks off, on the Monday. The grocer's daughter, the dyer's wife, the baker's cousin, and the priest's niece, are in raptures, and look for the paper on Tuesday with eager expectation. The tale or the novel is therefore like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave, but to sell; not written to represent life as it really is, but to present it as a series of startling incidents and surprising contrasts. It will result from this system that as a political authority the journal must be lowered, and as a literary effort the book discredited. Independently of this consideration the public taste becomes as a consequence daily more and more vitiated and perverted. All relish for serious literature, or matured, well reflected productions, is lost. The moral, the political, and the literary views of the question are sacrificed to the mercantile, mechanical, and money-getting. Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses, in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot, with so many pounds of abuse of priestcraft; so many grains of double adultery; so many drachms of incest; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of simple fornication or seductions of soubrettes; and so many pennyweights of common sense to knead

\*Lettre à Mde. Emile de Girardin, par Jules Janin.

†Since this was written M. Beauvallon has returned to France and taken his trial.—See the "Journal des Débats" of the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st March; the "Morning Chronicle" of the 3d, and the "Daily News" of the 4th April.



together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, incest, murder, seduction, suicide, fraud, covin, gambling, robbery, and rouverie of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded. The Girardins and Cassagnacs, notwithstanding all their shrewdness and sharpness, are of that vulgar order of men who think that with money at command they can do anything and obtain everything. Hence it is that the "Presse" pays nearly 300 francs per day for feuilletons to Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, De Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Theophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau. But what will be the result in 1848! That each of these personages will have made from 32,000 to 64,000 francs per annum for two or three years for writing profitable trash of the color of the foulest mud in Paris; marked with the mark of the beast, and furnished according to sample, as per order of Girardin, Cassagnac and Co. They will have had little labor and much money, it is true; but they will also have forever lowered their names and fame; and, what is worse, they will have lowered literature and literary men for many a long day to come. To be the hack of booksellers is no doubt to suffer unutterable bondage; but to be the hack of scheming political adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie is the last and worst of human calamities. The literary men of France may well say, with our own Cowley—

"Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;

Come sink us rather in the sea,  
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down,  
Come God's sword rather than our own.  
In all the bonds we ever bore

We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before."

It is not only with existing literary celebrities that the "Presse" plays these gainful pranks, but the death of men of eminence is speculated upon during their lifetime, and an ostentatious post obit publication of the memoirs of Chateaubriand, and the souvenirs of La Martine is promised so soon as these illustrious authors shall have ceased to breathe. That the feuilletonists of the "Presse" are all men and women of genius and talent cannot be denied; but one of them, with all his genius and talent, is an arrant literary imposter and quack. Only think of Honoré Balzac, who came to Paris in 1820, a poor printer of Touraine, sporting the "gentilhomme d'ancienne souche," and wearing a cane studded with precious stones, worth £80, to which Mde. de Girardin has consecrated a volume. The pretentious, aristocratical airs of this very foolish man, but who as a writer may be called a literary Rembrandt, or Albert Durer, so bourgeoisie and Flemish is his style, so detailed and minute his finishing, were properly treated, according to the Gazette of Augsburg, by a monarch, for whom we have no love, but who, for once in his life, was right. After the admirable and truthful book of M. de Custine had laid bare the infamies and atrocities of the Russian system, the Czar expressed a desire that it should be answered by a Frenchman. Balzac, on this hint, started for Petersburg, and on his arrival forwarded to his imperial majesty a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"M. de Balzac l'écrivain et M. de Balzac le gentilhomme sollicitent de sa majesté la faveur d'une audience particulière."

On the following day, one of the gentlemen in

ordinary of H. M. suite delivered to Balzac a letter written in the royal and imperial hand, to the following effect:—

"M. de Balzac le gentilhomme et M. de Balzac l'écrivain peuvent prendre la post quand il leur plaira."

The fault of Balzac is the incorrigible permanency, notwithstanding ten thousand humiliations and exposures, of a most glowing, yet most despicable vanity. The foolish fellow believes himself poet, historian, metaphysician, statesman, dandy of the first water, journalist, dramatic author, man of family, man of fortune, and, above all, charmant et beau garçon! Not content with being one of the cleverest observers and painters of manners of a certain class or classes, he aspires to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand and Metternich combined; as poetic as De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and La Martine; and as fashionable and foppish as the De Guiches, D'Orsays, Septeuils, and Canonvilles. This universal pretension has destroyed the little that remained of De Balzac's waning reputation; and the man whose productions, a dozen years ago, were read in every clime, is now fast sinking into unpitied obscurity.

"The nations which envied thee erewhile

Now laugh, (too little 't is to smile,)

They laugh, and would have pitied thee, (alas!)

But that thy faults all pity do surpass."

To return, however, to the "Presse." For a short time Girardin, the editor, was deputy of the Meuse. At his election, his civil rights as a Frenchman were ungenerously and unjustly attempted to be called in question. For many years the influence of Count Molé was paramount at the "Presse," and even still his opinions are visible in some articles; but at present this journal must be considered as the organ of M. Guizot, and of his forty or forty-five personal adherents, who think him the only possible minister. We have said that the "Presse" is an authority on commercial subjects. M. Blanqui writes much on these topics, and his name is sufficient to create a reputation.

As to general intelligence, this paper is well made up. There is not a fact of the least importance, nor a promotion in the army, navy, the clergy, the municipal body, &c., which is not published. There is not a scientific, mechanical, or commercial discovery, nor an important cause pleaded, nor a change in the value of merchandize or commodities, of which it does not give an account. Yet it is neither a respectable, nor an honorable, nor a truth-speaking, nor a purely, nor honestly conducted newspaper; and it has done more to degrade the press and literature, and to corrupt and debase literary men, than any other journal, always excepting the "Globe," and the "Epoque."

The "Globe," commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, when that person quarrelled with his co-editor, Girardin, cannot be said to have died, though it never had above 2000 abonnés. The "Globe" fell to 1800 before it expanded into the "Epoque," which arose from its ashes. Cassagnac wrote under or conjointly with Girardin in the "Presse," but now they are deadliest enemies, and in their war of ribald personalities have disgraced themselves, and degraded the press.\*

\*Girardin says that Cassagnac is an impudent Gascon, who was struck at Toulouse, and flogged in the public street till he took refuge in a diligence; and Cassagnac replies that Girardin, "tiring by his wife, the pretty and

Cassagnac was originally the editor of the journal "Politique et Littéraire de Toulouse," and transferred his services from this provincial journal to the Parisian press. He is a writer of considerable talent and incontestable sharpness, but prone to personalities and utterly unscrupulous. As to Bohain, his associate, he is well known—too well known in our own metropolis, as the editor of the "Courrier de l'Europe." The "Epoque" is an immense journal, the size of a "Morning Chronicle," before that journal adopted a double sheet, and consists of ten separate departments; 1. Journal politique; 2. Journal de l'armée et de la flotte; 3. Journal des cultes; 4. Journal des Travaux publics; 5. Journal administratif et commercial; 6. Journal de l'instruction publique; 7. Journal des sciences et médecine; 8. Journal du droit et des tribunaux; 9. Journal commercial et agricole; 10. Journal littéraire, (feuilleton.) The price half yearly is 22f., and the price of advertisements is in proportion to the number of abonnés—one centime for every 1000 abonnés for the annonces omnibus; three centimes for every 1000 abonnés for booksellers' and commercial advertisements; four centimes for railways, &c.

Cassagnac is the political editor of the "Epoque." He is devoted to Guizot. Desnoyers is the rédacteur of the feuilleton, at a salary of 8000f. a year, assisted by Eugene Guinot.

The theatres are under the supervision of Hippolyte Lucas, formerly of the "Siècle." The rédacteur en chef receives 12,000f. a year; and the feuilleton is paid at 150f. or 5l. 5s. per day. The circulation of the "Epoque" fluctuates considerably; but we believe it has never exceeded 3000.

"La Democratie Pacifique" is a journal published at forty francs a year, which is not sold, but given away. It is the organ of the communists, and is conducted by the disciples of Charles Fourier, of whose life and theories we should wish to have given some account, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to us. The doctrines proclaimed are not unlike those of Robert Owen. The founder and principal editor of this journal is Victor Considerant, an élève of the Polytechnic School, and an ex-officer of engineers. He is assisted in his labors by Dr. Pellarin, author of a life of Fourier; by La Vernaude, a native of the Mauritius; De Permont; Victor Daly, an architect, of Irish origin; Hugh Doherty, a writing master; Brisbane, an American; Meill, a German; and a John Journet, a working man. The "Democrat" is, as the reader will see, a universal cosmopolitan journal. There are editors of all coun-

tries. Doherty, an Irishman, writes the French language, if not with purity, at least with originality; but when he touches on religious subjects, he is "fou à lier." Brisbane has established many Fourierist journals in America, and comes every year to France, but does not write in the French language. Meill, the German, is a tailor by trade, and a Jew by religion. He is a self-educated man, and writes French like Doherty, more originally (so to speak) than correctly. He is a lively, active, turbulent man, who would play an important part in any civil commotion. Journet is a working man, who travels through France from end to end, proclaiming the doctrines of the sect. He is dressed in a paletot à capuchon, and wears a long beard, like all good Fourierists.

Every Wednesday evening there is a soirée at the office of the "Democrat Pacifique"—a soirée of men only—where the initiated talk and weary themselves and others, and drink large tumblers of eau sucrée and rum cobbler. Sometimes the soirées are diversified by a wonder in the shape of a musician, a traveller, a somnambulist, or a mesmerist, who relieves the natural dullness of the assembly. Several eminent avocats and hommes de lettres are members of this sect, and among others, M. Hennequin, the son of unquestionably the most learned advocate of France. We may be thought to have paid too much attention to the reveries of these enthusiasts, but the professors of these doctrines may play a most important part in France before the end of 1850.

As the "Epoque" rose out of the ashes of the "Globe," so did the "Esprit Public" out of the ashes of the "Commerce."\* The "Commerce," some years ago, was the property of our friend Mauguin, who purchased it, it is believed, at the request, if not with the money, of the ex-king of Spain. It was then a journal avowedly in the interest of the Bonaparte family; but after the insane attempt of Prince Louis, at Boulogne, in July or August, 1840, this cause seemed hopeless, and the abonnés of the "Commerce" rapidly declined. The pecuniary embarrassments of Mauguin induced him to part with the property to a proprietary imbued with Napoleonic ideas. Subsequently, M. Guillemot, who had managed the "Capitole," the avowed organ of Prince Louis, became the editor. It then passed into the hands of the eloquent and philosophic De Tocqueville, deputy for La Manche, and author of the very able work, "De la Democratie en Amerique." It represented the jeune gauche in opposition to the gauche Thiers. Not proving successful, however, it fell into the hands of M. Lesseps, who had formerly been secretary to M. Mauguin. M. Lesseps is a middle-aged Basque, smart, self-willed, and with some talent as a writer, but the "Commerce" did not, under his auspices, improve. In fact, it was a journal which had obtained a bad name, and, as we before observed, it requires the pen of an angel to write such a journal up. On the 1st August, 1845, the paper was put up to auction at 100,000 francs, but could find no purchasers. It was ultimately sold at 6000 francs, or 240l., with a burden of debt of 400,000 francs, or 16,000l. of our money. Out of the débris of the "Commerce" arose the "Esprit Public," of which Lesseps is the acknowledged editor. It is the cheapest daily journal in Paris, being published at a cost of

clever Delphine Gay, was struck at the opera before 3000 persons. Girardin says that Bohain, Solar, and Cassagnac, the proprietors of the "Epoque," sent about loads of prospectuses of their journal to the subscribers of other papers by itinerant commis voyageurs; Cassagnac replies, that the electors of Bourganau preferred Vidocq, the police spy, to Emile de Girardin, and twits the latter with the affair of the coal-mine of St. Bérain, and asks who pocketed the money. Girardin says, that Cassagnac ordered gaiters of a particular cut for the colporteurs of his journal, to excite attention, for which gaiters he afterwards refused to pay; Cassagnac rejoins, that Girardin went on a hot July day to his bedchamber, took off his sweltering shirt, and thinking clean linen comfortable, clothed himself in one of his (Cassagnac's) best chemises. Lest our readers should think we invent or exaggerate, we refer them to the "Globe," (now the "Epoque,") of the 12th August, 1845. Such are the "faquins de bas étage," the Peachums and Lockits of the press, who strut and fret their hour now on the great stage of literature.

\*The "Commerce," we believe, still lingers on, but so much "in extremis" that it may be said to be dead.

twenty eight francs, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* yearly. Its *capital social* is fixed at 500,000 francs. As the "Esprit Public" has been barely six months in existence, it is difficult to pronounce on its chances of vitality, and no easy matter to obtain an accurate account of its *bonâ-fide* circulation. We believe it to be very small—in fact, of the *infinitesimal* *petit*.

"La Réforme" is a journal of extreme opinions, appearing every day. It pays considerable attention to provincial questions, and to matters connected with electoral reform. Godefroy Cavaignac was, till his death, the editor; but it is now chiefly sustained by the pens of Guinand Arago, and Etienne Arago. It is understood that Ledru Rollin, the advocate and rich deputy for Sarthe, pays the expenses. Dupoty—the unfortunate Dupoty, formerly editor of the "Journal du Peuple," and who, under the ministry of Thiers, was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quenisset—wrote, and, it is said, still writes in the "Réforme."

The "Univers" is a daily paper quite in the interests of the Jesuits. The editor is M. Jules Goudon, author of a pamphlet on the recent religious movement; and M. Louis Veuillet, author of "Rome Moderne."

The "Nation" is a three-day paper, which appears every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at a cost of twenty-five francs the year. The programme of this paper is as follows:—

#### SOUVERAINETÉ NATIONALE.

##### ORDRE, LIBERTÉ, GLOIRE.

Le loi se fait par le consentement du peuple.  
En fait et en droit, les Français ne peuvent être imposés que de leur consentement.  
L'impôt doit être voté par ceux qui le paient.  
Tout contribuable est électeur, tout électeur est éligible.

The "Nation," therefore, proclaims electoral reform in the largest and widest sense—for all, in a word, who pay taxes—i. e., eight millions of Frenchmen; but, knowing that M. de Genoude, of the "Gazette de France," is the editor of this journal, we confess we look on the programme with more than suspicion. M. the Abbé de Genoude, however, makes every effort to push the paper, as he also does to push the sale of his translation of the Bible, in twenty-two volumes! But though the "Nation," like the "Figaro" of Bohain, of 1841, is to be sold in the shop of every grocer and baker of Paris and the banlieu, yet it has been found that this forced sale does not answer the expectations of the projectors.

There are in Paris a number of papers specially devoted to law, the fine arts, &c., but it cannot be expected that we should enter at any length into the literary history and circulation of these periodicals. The "Journal des Tribunaux" and the "Courrier des Tribunaux" are both conducted by advocates, and have a very large circulation. There are also a number of small satirical papers, conducted with infinite talent, wit, and esprit—as the "Figaro," the "Charivari," the "Corsaire," the "Corsaire Satan." Articles have occasionally appeared in the "Figaro" and "Charivari" worthy of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, or Champfort; but although these journals have existed, almost at our door, for a period of more than twenty years,

no attempt was made to imitate them in England, till our able and facetious contemporary, "Punch," entered the field. There are also a number of small theatrical journals, but on these it is not needful to dwell.

No account of the French press can aspire to the praise of fidelity or correctness without making mention of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," one of the best conducted periodicals in the world, and of as much authority in France as the "Edinburgh Review" or "Quarterly Review" in their very best days—in the days of Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, McIntosh, Horner, and Canning, Walter Scott, Southey, and Gifford. This periodical was established by Count Molé, and the first literary men in France write in its pages. The proprietor of this review is the patentee of the Theatre Français. Within the last three or four years, the "Revue des Deux Mondes" has assumed a political character. The "Political Chronicle," which excites much attention, was, a couple of years ago, written by a very over-rated, and eminently servile Genoese, named Rossi, now envoy of France at the court of Rome. A personal favorite of Louis Philippe, and a friend and formerly brother professor of Guizot, this very ordinary person has risen, without commanding talent of any kind, to some of the highest employments in the state.

The "Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence" has been eleven years established, and is also a well-conducted miscellany. It is published under the direction of Troplong, Giraud, and Edouard Laboulaye, members of the Institute; Faustin Hélié, chef du Bureau des Affaires Criminelles; Ortolan, professor at the Faculty of Law; and Wolowski, professor of Legislation, Industrielle au Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers.

It were no easy task to fix with precision the number of journals at present existing in Paris—a capital in which newspaper births and deaths are equally sudden and unexpected, and in which the journal of to-day may be dead to-morrow, and the journal of to-morrow may jump, *uno flatu*, into a prosperous manhood—but the following resumé approximates nearly to the truth:—

|   |    |
|---|----|
| There are daily journals of admitted repute, . . .                  | 21 |
| Smaller satirical journals, . . .                                   | 6  |
| Journals not daily, (such as weekly, monthly, &c.) . . .            | 27 |
| Journals Religious and Moral, of which twelve are Protestant, . . . | 24 |
| Journals of Legislation and of Jurisprudence, . .                   | 38 |
| — of Political Economy and Administration, . .                      | 3  |
| — of History, Statistics, and Travels, . . .                        | 12 |
| — of Literature, . . .  | 44 |
| — of Fine Arts, Painting, and Music, . . .                          | 9  |
| — of Theatres and Theatrical Matters, . . .                         | 2  |
| — of Mathematical and Natural Sciences, . .                         | 13 |
| — of Medicine, . . .  | 28 |
| — of Military and Naval Art, . . .                                  | 12 |
| — of Agriculture and Rural Economy, . . .                           | 22 |
| — of Commerce and Industry, . . .                                   | 23 |
| — of Public Instruction, . . .                                      | 7  |
| — of Women, Girls, and Children, . . .                              | 20 |
| — of Fashions, . . .  | 11 |
| — of Picturesque Sites, Landscapes, &c. . .                         | 4  |
| — of Advertisements, . . .  | 17 |

343

This astonishing number comprises Paris only, for the departmental press, ten years ago, counted 258 journals, which the statisticians thus divided:—



|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Political and Administrative journals, . . . | 153 |
| Literary Miscellanies, . . .                 | 4   |
| Newspapers solely devoted to Local News, .   | 101 |
|  | 258 |

Provincial journals have, since 1836, considerably increased. Two or three departments which were then without broad sheets have now obtained them, and we should probably not err in stating that the provincial journals of France now amount in round numbers to 280.

The Chevalier F. de Tapiès has calculated that in 1835, there were 82,208 "broad sheets" printed. This number, multiplied by 1500, the medium circulation, would give a result of 120,000,000 of printed papers, and as it is no extravagant supposition that each newspaper has at least five readers at home and abroad, we conclude that there must be 600,000,000 of readers of French newspapers in and out of Europe. The same ingenious statist to whom he have before referred, calculates that the matter of 20 volumes, in 8vo., is daily published in Paris, by the journals, and that the French press produces, in the year, 2,500,000 pages. Not content with these particulars, he further informs us that 500,000 reams of paper are destroyed every twelve months by the pens and ink of the gentlemen of the press, and he goes on to add, (for which many of our readers will think that he ought at once to be sent to Coventry)—that if all these sheets were folded together, so as to form an immense riband—these are his very words—this file of fustian and feuilleton would thrice go round the broad circumference of the habitable globe.

It remains for us now, before we conclude, to make a very few remarks on the character of the French journals and journalists, as contrasted with the press of England.

The different rank held in their respective countries, by the French and English journalists, has been matter of comment and remark, not merely to enlightened men, but even to the observer the least instructed and most superficial.

"In England," says Mr. H. L. Bulwer,\* writing in 1836, "a paper has immense consideration, but the editor, however respectable, little. You rarely hear him spoken of—in few cases is he known, unless petted on some accidental occasion by public abuse into notoriety. As for newspaper writers, they are generally held below surmise. We do not think it worth while even to guess who they are."

This was perfectly true ten or twelve years ago, but it is true now to just the same extent. In England now, as then, in consequence of the newspaper stamp tax, of the system of government and the state of property, it requires an immense capital to establish a newspaper, and a still greater capital to start a competitor to an established favorite journal. These are the circumstances which in this money-getting-money-worshipping country render the firm—the establishment—the company—the fraternity of tradesmen bound together by the strong links of sordid self-interest—and able by their dividends to keep their carriages, horses, livery servants, &c., peradventure to become senators and persons of some small title—these are the circumstances, we say, which render them powerful, and the editors, writers, and contributors, the very reverse. The

proprietors are respected, flattered, and feared, because they have a two-edged weapon at command, and swordsmen prepared to use it at their bidding. The writers are, for the most part, neither respected nor flattered—however they may be occasionally feared—because there is not one among them worth even £1000 a year, for they chiefly live "au jour le jour." Everybody has heard of Mr. John Walter and of Sir John Easthope—both are rich and prosperous men—one is, and the other was, an M. P.; but who has ever heard, within the last five years, of the editor of the "Times" or "Chronicle," or of the names of the writers in these papers? Yet the editors of the "Times" and "Chronicle" must be, undoubtedly, men of talent and information, and some of the writers are among the ablest men in England. Who, however, knows them as writers? In England, a newspaper is powerful first, and chiefly, as a successful commercial establishment, having large capital at command, which capital enables it to obtain correct, copious and early intelligence; and secondly, by its articles, or, in other words, by the literary ability of its writers. A daily paper in England may be powerful, and of great circulation, when most indifferently written, but a daily paper may be written with the eloquence of Burke and Macaulay combined, and fail from lack of readers, unless it have a great capital to sustain it; in other words, is enabled to obtain correct, copious, or exclusive intelligence.

Mr. Edward Baldwin, the proprietor of the "Morning Herald," acting on this view of the matter, is said to expend £10,000 a year for the overland Indian mail, while it is clear that the tenth of this cannot be paid by him for leading articles, if these latter be estimated at their proper value. In France, ten or twelve years ago, a daily newspaper depended altogether—and in a great degree it still depends, though not by any means to the same extent as formerly—on the goodness of its writing. In France, good writers are indispensable to good newspapers; in England, though highly desirable, they are not absolutely indispensable. It is impossible to establish a daily newspaper in England without an immense capital; but, heretofore, a daily newspaper might be established in France without any very considerable capital, and may, to a certain extent, still be established, if there be superior talent engaged in the "rédaction." In England, on the contrary, the money and the management are the main springs of success in this field of enterprise. In France, generally speaking, the talent and the political opinion are the real motive forces; whereas money and management, though also necessary, are yet subsidiary to talent and political opinion. In France, talent commands money; in England, money commands talent. Hence newspaper writers are *somebodies* in France and *nobodies* in England.

The recent laws directed against the press in France, have, however, rendered the establishment of newspapers much more expensive and difficult than formerly. To secure the payment of the highest fine, the security, or cautionment, for a journal has been raised to 100,000 francs, or £4000, and the responsible editor must be proprietor of one third of that sum. In a country where capital is so limited, the necessity of paying £4000 operates very unfavorably to enterprise in journalism, and may be considered almost as a prohibition, when it is remembered that this money is at

\* The Monarchy of the Middle Classes, 1836.

the mercy of a government whose judges may interdict the publication of the paper after two judicial condemnations. But notwithstanding the sinister influence of this law, and the efforts used by the government to corrupt public writers, these combined causes do not operate to raise the rich proprietor of a journal above the poor but able writer, as in England. The main cause of this lies in the social habitudes and institutions of France, which are more favorable to talent, and far less favorable to the power and influence of mere wealth than the social system of England. Ministers in France seek to bribe and debauch writers in newspapers, and too often succeed—ministers in England, if there be a favor to confer, or a good thing to bestow, confer it on the proprietors of journals, not on the writers of them. In England, the proprietor of such a paper is made a deputy lieutenant, the proprietor of such another is created a baronet, the proprietor of a third is appointed a local magistrate. In France, it is the writers, and not the proprietors, who are rewarded; and the Bertins are no exception to this rule, for they were far more celebrated as writers than as proprietors. Fievée, Etienne, Keratry, and Chevalier, with many others, were made councillors of state, while at least twenty other writers were made prefects, sub-prefects, maître des requêtes, &c. The number of newspaper writers who have taken a still higher flight over the heads of proprietors, and attained ministerial "portfeuilles," or the peerage, is by no means inconsiderable. Chateaubriand, Salvandy, Guizot, Thiers, Duchâtel de Rémusat, Villemain, Cousin, and many others, may be numbered. Thus is a homage paid to talent, both by government and people in France, which in England is reserved for wealth or title. The late Mr. Thomas Barnes, of the "Times," though not a man of genius, like Chateaubriand, nor a man of such varied attainments as M. Guizot, was yet far superior, both as a scholar and a writer, to all the other French newspaper writers who attained the rank of minister. But Mr. Barnes was born in a wealth-worshipping and aristocratic land; never was an M. P.—never was a privy councillor—never was a minister in a country which has had a Knatchbull, a Lincoln, and an Ellenborough in the cabinet, and an Addington, a Goderich, and a Peel, for prime ministers.

We do not deny, with all these facts before our eyes, that the influence of the press in France has diminished, and is daily diminishing; but this is owing, in a great degree, to the abuse of its power and the prostitution of its office. The greater portion of the French press raised no warning voice against the embastillement of Paris, whilst all the journals, excepting two, were in favor of a scheme which, without being formidable to the stranger, may, in the end, prove the grave of French liberty and the tomb of free discussion. The press of France, too, cried for war, when all the best interests of the nation demanded peace. The press of France cried for glory and conquest, when railways stood still, and the internal communication of the country was disgraceful to the age in which we live. The press of France called for an increase of sailing ships, and for an increased steam navy, when the greater number of the communal and vicinal roads of France were impracticable, and while her luxurious capital remained unsupplied with water. The press of France called for an in-

creased war expenditure in Algeria, and disaster and disgrace have been the result. The press of France called for hostilities with England, at a time when every sane man in England and France wished for peace, and when hundreds of thousands of pounds of English capital had been, on the faith of the subsistence of friendly relations, invested by Englishmen in French railroad speculations. The press of France, with one or two exceptions, has for fifteen years remained silent on electoral reform, at a time when the electors are only a few hundred thousand among a population of thirty-four millions. These are a few of many grave and serious errors, not to say crimes and misdemeanors, which must be laid to its charge. A long time—a very long time—must elapse, ere the French press regains the ascendancy which it possessed, and properly possessed, before the Revolution of 1830.

The press of England, with all its faults, is free from these grave errors: and the daily press of England, and indeed, the whole press, daily and weekly, with one infamous exception, is free from the odious personality which has marked the literary rivalry and encounter of Girardin and Cassagnac. The press of England is free, too, with one or two exceptions, we believe, from the charge of personal corruption. No one would sell praises, as M. Constant Hilbey says M. Viollet sold them, at so much the line, in the "Patrie," in "La France," and in "Le Droit." It is true, Viollet received nothing for himself from the hands of the poor tailor, but he had, says Hilbey, a *remise* or percentage on each insertion. There is no respectable journal in England which would sell a whole feuilleton to this same Hilbey for 150 francs, as he avers the "Droit" did, in page 31 of his pamphlet.

Hilbey flies at much higher and "nobler quarry," than the "Droit." He avers in all the permanency of print, and with all the convenient certainty of time and place, necessary in an English indictment, that one De Moléon, who lives at 26, Rue de la Paix, offered to have his book reviewed in the feuilleton of the "Débats" for 460 francs—an offer which the tailor refused, inasmuch as he could have the thing done by an *ecrivain* fort connu; trop connu même!—(does he mean the famous J. J. of the "Feuilleton"?) for 500 francs.

This statement has been published for months, and has never been, that we are aware of, contradicted by the "Débats." If any man had said such a thing of our "Times," how the calumniator would have been handled next day in *Sterling Saxon*. The aspiring tailor also gives, at page 53 of his pamphlet, a list of the sums paid to the "Siècle," "Courrier Français," "Commerce," "National," and "France," and we do not believe that his statement has been impugned by any one of these journals.

But with all its grievous errors and imperfections, and occasional corruption, both political and personal, the newspaper press of France has obtained, and must ever maintain, unless it shall most grossly degrade itself, and wilfully continue to pervert its functions, a large place and a high position in the literature of the country. The instrument by which, as De Tocqueville says, the same thought can be presented to a hundred thousand minds at the same moment, is a noble instrument, and should not be trifled with, or misused, or perverted. A grave responsibility weighs, in-

deed, on the conductors of this great engine. For the abuse of their power they must answer, sooner or later, at the bar of public opinion.

The press of France, unlike the press of England, is distinguished by a strong esprit de corps. They are a formidable body, not so much because they are men of undoubted ability and information though these qualities are not without their influence—as because they are a compact and serried body, and feel that a stain cast upon a brother of the craft, is a wound inflicted on the whole corps. Their union is their weapon and their strength, and by it they vanquish all opposition, and rise to “pride of place and power.”

No pampered proprietor, the spoiled child of blind Fortune, would attempt to ride the high horse with men of this stamp; for Paris is the limbo of proprietors, and the heaven of editors, contributors, and public writers. England, on the contrary, is the paradise of proprietors, and the inferno of editors and writers. The press in England has made the fortune of many of its proprietors, and sent many of its contributors to the rules of the bench or to the prison of the fleet. The press in France has made the fortune of its best contributors, and ruined, in a pecuniary sense, the proprietors. Coste and Bethune have made the fortunes of hundreds of literary men, but have lost their own. Till there is more union, more esprit de corps, and a kindlier and a better spirit amongst literary men in England, proprietors must continue to have the upper hand, to assume the airs of grand seigneurs, and occasionally to maltreat writers and contributors.

There are in France, as in England, various classes of persons, and of different degrees of merit and intellect, connected with the public press. Some there are, dull and heavy, who would fain soar into the higher regions; but the public soon whispers in the ear of these mistaken men, if it has not been previously hinted by the rédacteur en chef:

“Tu n’as point d’aile et tu veux voler! rampe.”

Others there are, (to use the words of Voltaire, in the same poem:\*)

“Malin, gourmand, saltimbanque indocile.”

But these soon find their level, and sink into obscurity, or are ignominiously dismissed.

Some there are, like the Abbé Trublet, dull dogs, mere delvers, who go on and on, compiling and compiling, and supply their want of mother wit by the “trover and conversion” of the wits of others.

“L’abbé Trublet alors avait la rage  
D’être à Paris un petit personnage  
Au peu d’esprit que le bon homme avait,  
L’esprit d’autrui par supplément servait.  
Il entassait adage sur adage;  
Il compilait, compilait, compilait,  
On le voyait sans cesse écrire, écrire,  
Ce qu’il avait jadis entendu dire.”

But these “piocheurs,” the Trublets and troubles of our epoch, are not valued more than our intrepid penny-a-liners, and give place to sharper practitioners, who have learned:

“—— comment on dépéciait  
Un livre entier comme on le récusait,  
Comme on jugeait du tout par la préface.”

This class of critics is greatly in vogue at the

\* Le Pauvre Diable.

“Presse” and “Epoque,” and among the younger and more unprincipled journals, but an honest, able, and learned critic, in every first-rate journal in Paris, will soon obtain, whatever Madame Emile Girardin, in her “Ecole de Journalistes,” may say to the contrary notwithstanding, the complete mastery.

The bitterest and the severest things that ever have been said against French journalists have been said by this lady and her then friend and ally, but now bitter enemy, Granier de Cassagnac. Both were then, (1840,) as they are now, of the school of the broad-sheet,\* but they spared not their common mother, but laid bare her faults without charity, without filial tenderness, without shame as without regret. Yet, in the whole circle of the French press there were not two persons who ought to have been more cautious and circumspect and chary of giving offence to the family of journalists than these self-same Girardins and Cassagnacs. Out of the reach of danger, (as they supposed,) they were bold; out of the reach of shame, they were confident. But they reckoned without their host, for Jules Janin, to his eternal honor be it said, stepped forward in defence of the press, and in one of the neatest pieces of polished sarcasm that even the language of Voltaire can boast, told this lady, with scalding yet polite bitterness, the revolting truth.

There are now in Paris, as in the time of Mercier, a species of half authors, of quarter authors, of literary métis, and quarterons, who disembody their small verses, or venom, their stupid prose, or their colorless criticism, into obscure or small journals, and who give themselves, in consequence, the title of men of letters. These creatures are like some of the same species at home, all pretension from head to foot, and for no other reason, that anybody knows, but because of their unmistakable nullity. They are always declaiming against an arrogant mediocrity, and they are themselves at once arrogant and mediocre. Many of them, like the ex-journeyman printer, Balzac, make a parade of their birth, often more natural, yet less equivocal, than their talents. To hear them as they enter a drawing room, with self-satisfied air repeat their names with a sounding *Dix* before them, one would think they were of the flower of earliest chivalry, and descended in line direct from the first Christian baron, or of that famous house of the De Lévis, which claimed kindred with Noah and the Virgin Mary.\* To believe these men of pure “blue blood,” made of “the porcelain of earth’s best clay;” they are indifferent to money, and don’t write for it. But if they said their lucubrations did not sell for money, they would be nearer the truth.

There is no capital on earth where good newspaper writing is better paid than in Paris, and no capital where better newspaper writing is produced, if there, indeed, be any capital where so good is fabricated. The leading articles of the leading daily journals of London, such as the “Times,” the “Chronicle,” and the “Daily

\* In the family of the De Lévis there is a picture of the deluge, with one of the race holding up his hand, in which is contained a roll, whereon is inscribed, “Papiers de la Maison de Lévis.” In the family gallery there is also another picture of one of the members of the house meeting the Virgin. The female De Lévis (for it was a religieuse) is proceeding to uncover her head, when there is written, as proceeding from the mouth of the Virgin, these words: “Couvrez vous, ma très chère et sainte cousine, car je sais bien le respect que je vous dois.”



News," are written with great strength, vigor, and boldness of tone, and occasional felicity of expression, but being, for the most part, composed on the spur of the moment, they bear about them, occasionally, marks of haste, and incorrectness, and inelegance, impossible to avoid under the circumstances. The French leaders in the "Débats" and the "Constitutionnel," are written more carefully, and in a more chaste and classic style. The writers in French papers have sometimes twenty-four hours, sometimes forty-eight hours, and often a week, to prune, to elaborate and polish, and they are therefore in a condition to profit by the advice of Despraux.

"Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage; Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez; Ajoutez quelquefois et souvent effacez."

The wonder, therefore, is, not that the French editors write so well, but that the English writers, compelled to labor "currente calamo," produce so frequently articles of first-rate excellence, whether as regards subject, composition, arrangement, or disposition of the parts. It is the common practice in London to lay the proof of the first part of a leader on the table of the writer before the last slip of MS. is out of the writer's hands; yet some articles written in this breathless haste are as fine productions as ever issued from the press.

The bitterest calumnies have been heaped upon journalists and newspaper writers in France. We have admitted that they are not faultless, but speaking generally, we say without hesitancy, that they have shown themselves the enemies of abuses, and the firm friends, sustainers, and protectors of public liberty; that notwithstanding the calumnies of the worthless, the fears of the timid, and the frowns of the powerful, the French press has generally asserted the indefeasible right of their countrymen to equal and impartial government, to equality before the law, to the free expression of opinion, and that perfect religious toleration, or rather freedom, inconsistent with a dominant sect, or a dominant priesthood, or a dominant race of any kind. The author of a recent work,\* who has had excellent opportunities of knowing the state of public opinion in France, not merely from his intimate acquaintance with the monarch, but with eminent men of all parties, and who is well informed in French history and literature, remarks, that the press in France had vast influence on public opinion, from the year 1825 to the Revolution of 1830. Had Mr. Mackinnon extended this vast influence over a period of ten years antecedent to 1825—i. e., from 1815 to 1830, he had been nearer the truth. He is perfectly correct, however, when he says, that since 1830 the influence of the press has been gradually lessening from the increased number of publications, and the spread of education among the community, which now exercises its own judgment. He might also have added that the influence of the press has declined from the abuse of its own power, and from the multiplication of journals, some of which are conducted without talent, and many of which are conducted without principle. Mr. Mackinnon has proved that in America the influence of the press has diminished in proportion to the number of papers; and in France, the power of the press for political purposes is

\* History of Civilization. By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. Longman & Co., 1846.

likely to be found in the inverse ratio of its extension.

SCRATCHES AT NATURE WITH A FREE GUILLOTT.\*

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

(*Aquila Repudiatrix*, LINN. *Aigle Coquin*, BUFF.)

THIS unclean bird of the ancients, though classed among the eagles, seems in its aspect and peculiarities rather to resemble the vulture tribe. It must not, however, be confounded with the "King Vulture" of Bewick, as it is a republican bird. It is distinguished from all others by being curiously marked with stripes and stars. Its flight resembles that of the Kite. Its voracity is something tremendous; it preys chiefly on the Oregon racoon, the Texas opossum, and the green snake of California; but it is also extremely fatal to the large species of goose called the creditor, (*Anser Extraordinarius*, LINN.; *Joli Marin*, BUFF.) which it decoys into accompanying it to its own haunts by an affectation of honest friendship, apparently finding means to persuade the foolish bird that more ample supplies and thorough security will be found there: the unfortunate goose, thus entrapped, is then at once despatched by its ruthless betrayer.

It is one peculiarity of this eagle, that he invariably performs the operation of plucking his victim which he does as neatly as the most accomplished cook. This process has been admirably described by that excellent natural historian, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, who was an eye-witness of the capture and plucking of several creditor geese by the American eagle, in the manner explained, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

The eagle is also partial to the flesh of negroes, which it will seize with evident gusto. A singular antipathy is evinced by this bird to that noble animal the British lion, (*Leo Verus Caruleus*, LINN.; *Lion Bonhomme*, BUFF.) whom, in spite of his strength and courage, it even contrives occasionally to dislodge from his own hunting-grounds, in Oregon, and elsewhere. This is performed by a number of the eagles building their unpleasant nests in his neighborhood, by which the lion is gradually driven further and further off, till at length he finds himself deprived of the whole of his accustomed haunt, merely by this "masterly inactivity" on the part of his inferior opponent. American naturalists affirm that the eagle is constantly seen to "whip the British Lion," though how this can be performed it seems impossible to explain, and the statement is commonly classed with the majority of American assertions.

A sort of alliance has been remarked to exist between the eagle and the Gallic cock (*Gallus tolerabilis bonus*, LINN.; *Cog assez-respectable*, BUFF.) owing probably, to their sharing in the antipathy to the British animal, but this is a strange and unnatural alliance, for the gallant cock, with all his faults, is a much more valuable bird.

Many eminent naturalists, who have watched the American species now under discussion, are of opinion that the race is becoming deteriorated, and losing some high distinctions which it undoubtedly possessed; the colors grow dimmer; and it is expected that (if the deterioration continues) the stars which adorn the wing of the bird will be all extinguished; the stripes on the back, however, are likely to be greatly multiplied.—*Punch*.

\* By the author of "Dashes at Life with a Free Pen-cil."

From Chambers' Journal.

## ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honored with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philosophers. I must profess, however, that I *feel* there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The *sports* of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for *our* enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighborhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at romps, such as a merry group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings; which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise, she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each others' heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill, the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastisement which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

“Scour away in lang excursion,  
And worry ather in diversion.”

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of *make-believe*, or jest as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done

as a little practical joke. It may be added, that the cat stood it for some time very tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parents, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each others' cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each others' backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The *kindly social acts* of animals, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogizes, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, “Each aids the others.” It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indifferent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds withia. Curiosity being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood, had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been condoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little field-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught—which was easily done by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, “nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other—now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to the view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.”

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around, regardless of their own danger, and endeavor to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavoring to rescue him from dying of his

wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters. "About ten days ago, [writing in Jamaica,] one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homeward through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavored to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together."

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal "proceeding direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham's family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wallings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would doubtless have perished had he lain much longer." It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of *duty* is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards, *under the care of his dog alone*, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the

flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendant to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern States of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St. Augustine: they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative:—"They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left forever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere upon the road down to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter; and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her entreaties to those of her father, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows."

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of *attachment*, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or, it may be, merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *auld lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencontres of human friends long separated. For example—A few years ago, a sailor, entering a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very much agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful



bellowsings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his especial care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognizing his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, inasmuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favor.

This predilection of animals for particular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-office, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr. Davis, and sold to a Mr. Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, "Come, old boy, give me a kiss," which the parrot instantly did. A youth in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. "You had better not try," remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

*Human foibles, too, are participated by animals.* The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr. Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. "Do you think," said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavoring to gain his attention—"do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?" "Yes," said the other, "I have remarked their vanity frequently." "We will call both feelings into action," said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms. "Mark that mother's offended pride," said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. "Do you think she will come if I call her?" "Oh yes," answered his friend. "Not at all." He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavored to lick but an instant

before. "She will not speak to me to day," said Dr. Gall.\* Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impressions is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr. Thomson, in his *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar circumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. "In the park are two large pieces of water divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot, and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water."

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her, the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately dividing the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked, what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission; a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus; in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833,) is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like cir-

\* Medical and Physical Journal, November, 1829.

circumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another; this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public house; he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glens of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragoons. This also do the red-deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without favor of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaie mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He plies it in stacks as high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human hay-makers can pretend to. "If at first you don't succeed," says the moralist, "try, try, try again." The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Portpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the tithe of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rent makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavoring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sentiment, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity! Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and

ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a Divine author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

It does not seem to us many years since we read in the papers an obituary notice of Daniel Boone, the founder of the state of Kentucky. Need we say what Kentucky now is? A state as large as Scotland, fertile and beautiful, and containing not much less than a million of people. Yet the first white man who set himself down to live in this grand country, only died at the end of the reign of George III.; so rapidly does the world advance in some of its districts. Boone's history is interesting, because it realizes almost in our own day some of those first processes of civilization which, in the elder world, passed long before history existed. It is the story of Jew and Canaanite—as far as that was a mere conflict for land—brought almost before our living eyes.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to the west of Virginia. It was a beauteous wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset in England, but long naturalized to America, and now married, with a family of several children. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fire-side. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamt upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavored to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile

Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot: even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it: it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referable to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighborhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian, and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June, (1770,) and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile a band called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked-for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old "treed" instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the

whites were victors: but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia, (the Earl of Dunmore,) to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonization of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region; this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but, in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an offshoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs. Boone, Mrs. M'Gary, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the "mothers of the west." The war just then breaking out, and all the horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honor.

We pass over much detail as to the various settlements which were formed, and entirely overlook the doings of a remarkable man, George Rogers Clark, who had much to do with the infancy of Kentucky. It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of "cabiners," those speculators who came out to obtain a pre-emption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre: silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw



him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, "Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel's on the track." And when, by and bye, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swum in, and caught hold of it, and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss: turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milking the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of pow-

der and shot, so that, unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconsolable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough—and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? "Bless your soul," said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, "she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man's." There was no time for regrets, for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he start-

ed with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel had acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back, struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78

was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles—Daniel Boone.\*

This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.

## SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine!  
How many days, my dove,  
Hast thou been mine?  
Time, like a winged bird,  
When it bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind  
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,  
On thee he leaves:  
Some lines of care round both,  
Perhaps he weaves:  
Some fears, a soft regret  
For joys scarce known;  
Sweet looks we half forget;  
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing;  
Look, where your children start,  
Like sudden spring;  
With tongues all sweet and low,  
Like a pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and thine!

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.—The operation of the ukase, commanding all Jews to remove from the frontier, and relinquish their occupation as hawkers, will, it is believed, be delayed for four years; not, however, as the result of Sir Moses Montefiore's intercession, but because the scarcity, amounting nearly to famine, of several districts, the result of two successive bad harvests, (followed by insurrection and military occupation of the frontier,) renders Jewish activity, local knowledge, and erratic habits so advantageous to the Russian population, in the way of ferreting out and procuring supplies of provisions, as to make a suspension of the ukase a matter of good, if not necessary policy: and these circumstances were announced as likely to lead to the postponement of the infliction before Sir Moses had left London on his benevolent mission. It is, however, far from being improbable that the emperor will make a grace, not a virtue of necessity.—*Times*.

\* Abridged from the North American Review for January, 1846.

From the Spectator.

## MR. B. PHILLIPS ON SCROFULA.

THE subject of scrofula has inspired an interest less for its own effects, though they are bad enough in ruined health, diseased glands, and yet more painful affections, than for its supposed connexion with consumption. The tubercular deposit in the lungs has been held by the highest authority, as well as by popular opinion, to be merely a varied mode of that deposit in the glands of the neck, which, first swelling and then suppurating, not only injures beauty by its scar but leaves in legible hand-writing the warning of a tainted blood. This identity Mr. Phillips denies. After a minute examination of the anatomical characteristics and the statistics of consumption and scrofula, he says—

“I apprehend it has now been shown, by abundant evidence, that, with the exception of the deposit itself, which, whether found in the lungs or in a cervical gland—whether examined by the naked eye, by the microscope, or by chemical analysis—is very similar, the circumstances attendant upon the development of scrofula and phthisis are widely different. In scrofula, the gland undergoes considerable change, inflammatory in its nature, before the matter is deposited in it; in the lung we commonly find the tissue around a recent tubercular deposit unchanged by inflammation. We find, further, that in districts where the causes of phthisis act with most intensity, those of scrofula fall lightest; that the age when the ravages of scrofula are most keenly felt is precisely that when the visitation of phthisis is least to be apprehended; that the sex which suffers most severely from one of those diseases is least affected by the other. And beyond all this, there is the fact, that among the numerous victims of phthisis, at least eighteen out of every twenty exhibit no marks of having suffered from scrofula. It seems to me, therefore, that these facts constitute so clearly-marked a difference between the two affections, that it will be most convenient, most conducive to scientific correctness, to consider them as affections possessing a certain general similarity of character, but no identity.”

It is probable that there is more of distinction than of difference here. According to actual constitution, influencing circumstances, and the intensity of the cachexia, (bad habit of body,) the strumous blood may sometimes end in one form of disease, sometimes in another. If all circumstances tend to produce scrofula in the direct form, the patient possibly dies before the age of consumption; if the virus, or whatever it be, remain latent longer, the lungs alone may become the seat of the deposit, and the morbid anatomy be differently modified. This is not the only occasion in which Mr. Phillips runs apparently counter to received opinion. He denies hereditary disease, (except in two disorders, where the affection is present at the birth,) though he admits that parents may transmit a weakly constitution, in which scrofula or any other disorder may be more readily set up. Unless he is also prepared to deny in individuals a constitutional tendency to one disease more than another, we cannot admit the cogency of his view. Likeness and character we all know are transmissible, though not always transmitted, and sometimes so strongly that we recognize a son by some trifling act of deportment; but it would scarcely be philosophical to deny the transmission of paren-

tal manner because an infant does not bow at its birth.

The fact is, we know no more of physics than we do of metaphysics; it is mere observation or reflection upon results, causes being altogether hidden. Why do the same circumstances induce one disease in one man, and in another some different disorder? We may say it is a constitutional disposition or predisposition: which is a truth in one sense; but, beyond such obvious considerations as stature, muscular development, and vigor, we cannot tell what this constitution is, still less what causes it, unless we take refuge in “organization;” when the same puzzle will remain if we seek for a further resolution. We do not even know what disease is, other than by reference to its results, still less what produces it. Mr. Phillips admits that he cannot tell the *modus operandi* of the medicine he administers. It savors of pedantry to deny the existence of a thing because the nature of the case does not admit of its being directly proved by positive evidence. Upon these two points Mr. Phillips resembles those philosophers who class a constitution with a law-deed, and require it to be produced for inspection.

In all other matters Mr. Phillips is remarkably free from narrowness or prejudice; and his treatise on Scrofula is entitled to great praise, as containing the results of elaborate research, extensive inquiries, and considerable observation. Perhaps his resuscitation of ancient opinions and practices, as well as his notices of former superstitions on the “evil,” may be pushed too far, as encumbering the reader with dead matter. But it renders the treatise more complete, and collects together a good deal of curious reading, neatly and briefly compiled. The statistics are voluminous, and sometimes rather collateral than direct; but they bring together from many quarters—British, Continental, American, and Colonial—a large amount of well-selected matter, bearing upon health, parentage, diet, and so forth, as relating to scrofula; leading to the conclusion that our island is not preëminently obnoxious to the complaint; and that the percentage ratio of deaths from consumption is reduced, according to our only evidence, the bills of mortality. Thus,

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| In 1750, the deaths from consumption were 1 in 144 |         |
| 1801, . . . . .                                    | 1.. 154 |
| 1811, . . . . .                                    | 1.. 196 |
| 1821, . . . . .                                    | 1.. 233 |
| 1833, . . . . .                                    | 1.. 258 |

The statistical research also throws up some information respecting the past and present condition of the people; which Mr. Phillips thinks, with Dr. Twiss, has advanced; but he doubts whether the improvements in towns, recommended by the poor-law commissioners, will prevent death at anything like the rate which Mr. Chadwick asserts, (however excellent and proper they may be in themselves); destitution, and not dirt or foul air, being the real cause of the low expectation of life among the poor.

The more strictly medical view of Mr. Phillips on scrofula may be stated thus. He considers the deposition of scrofulous matter (a cheesy sort of substance found in various glands) as the only sure test of scrofulous disease: till then it is rather a constitutional disposition or taint than actual scrofula, at least such as we have *proof* of.

“In a constitution favorable for the deposit of scrofulous matter, I believe there are no features,



in the absence of the tumor, so constant and so conclusive as to justify a reliance upon them in pronouncing an opinion whether a constitution be scrofulous or not. It is certain that the ordinary tests are fallacious: I know that the major part of them may be observed, again and again, without any other evidence that the constitution is tainted with scrofula. We may even have enlarged glands, while no product such as that which I have alluded to is deposited; although, in the absence of any source of irritation, enlarged subcutaneous glands constitute grounds for grave suspicion that the constitution is scrofulous. Thus, whatever may be the constitutional peculiarity, however marked may be the general physiognomy by what is called the scrofulous diathesis, we have no certain sign of the existence of the disease until sufficient evidence can be obtained that the deposit has taken place. The constitution may suffer long before such a deposit is made, and the glands themselves may be swelled without presenting in their substance a scrofulous deposit: indeed, the deterioration of the system proceeds so slowly, that although the tendency be directly onwards from the period when the gland is simply enlarged to that when the deposit would ordinarily occur, in that interval favorable or unfavorable circumstances may be experienced, and no deposit may take place: on the one hand, the constitution may improve and the glandular swelling may subside; on the other, the ailing child's life may be cut short by other diseases before the proof of scrofula is complete.

"In childhood, the time necessary for the perfect development of the disease is, I believe, very long; so long as to build up the whole body with bad materials. In adult life, the time is still more considerable; so that, although in each case, the causes of the disease may be efficient, their influence may not be continued long enough to bring about such a change in the constitution as fits it for the development of scrofula; and if they be not so continued, the swelling glands may subside, and the person may escape the deposit, or, the causes of ill health becoming more intense, he may die of some more acute disease."

The cause of the scrofulous deposit, Mr. Phillips thinks, is to be found in a depraved state of the blood; this much is certain, that the blood of a scrofulous person undergoes a change. Whether this change "does really stand to scrofula in the relation of cause," he says, "I cannot conclusively prove, though I believe that it does." Could it be proved, however, there would still be the further questions—Do circumstances cause the change? or do they induce changes in the body, that act upon the blood? does the depraved blood act directly by depositing the particles with which it is charged, or previously let down the constitution, and indirectly prepare the glands for the reception of the foreign matter. The primary if not the sole cause of scrofula, in the opinion of Mr. Phillips, is insufficient nutrition—deficient or improper food; and to food alone he looks for a cure. Change of air and change of scene are useful as aids; treatment may correct deranged health, or assist the digestion, weakened or impaired; certain medicines, during the fine season (from May till October) may improve the scrofula, though the patient would probably have improved as much without them; but as soon as use has blunted or exhausted the effects of these things, the patient will fall back

to his former condition, unless he can be *efficiently nourished*. Hence, with the poor the case is almost hopeless.

This, of course, is only to be received as the merest outline of the writer's views: the filling up involves many questions on the nature of the disease, and its preventive management and treatment, which somewhat qualify the general proposition laid down so broadly as we have laid it: good air and exercise, for example, enabling a person to struggle against the taint better than one whose concomitants as well as his food are deleterious. Many curious conclusions and useful hints are also thrown out in the course of the discussion; of which we quote a sample.

#### INFANT SCHOOLS.

"A great social experiment is now in progress, from which most important consequences must follow. The truth seems deeply fixed in the minds of thinking men, that the character of our people is to be determined by the education or mental training they receive in childhood; and as the conviction is strong that the work cannot be begun too early, children are collected into infant schools almost as soon as they can walk. And as I have had large opportunities (by which I have endeavored to profit) of estimating the effect of such training upon the bodily health of the child, I will now express the conviction at which I have arrived.

"I believe, then, the effect is prejudicial. I know that the health of those infants who are suffered to amuse themselves as they please during the day, is better, *ceteris paribus*, than that of those children who have been for many months regular attendants at infant schools. And the reason of the difference I apprehend to be this, that in children the blood is vigorously circulated through the entire frame by means of the exertion of the muscular system; and this exertion of the muscular system can only be maintained by providing such amusement as will keep the body in motion. The listless walk around the school-rooms, though repeated many times a day, will not quicken the heart's action, and will not warm the hands and feet. And so long as the hands and feet and the surface of the body remain cold for many hours of every day, so long the child will have congestion of some internal organs; and a state of permanent disease is readily induced, digestion is ill-performed, nutrition is defective; and if this state of things be long-continued, scrofula may be the consequence."

#### THE STRUMOUS IN THE FIELD.

"There is commonly a general want of tone and energy in the solids which incapacitates the sufferer for proper exercise; the muscular system is quickly exhausted, and incapable of sustained exertion—this is a consequence of impaired nutrition. The splendid-looking corps of Dutch Grenadiers, which constituted, when on parade, so distinguished an ornament of Napoleon's army, and which was said to be greatly tainted with scrofula, suffered more from fatigue, cold, and hunger, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, than any other portion of the French army; few of them, indeed, survived the retreat. It is a matter of remark in the army, that fair, lymphatic-looking men, apparently enjoying brilliant health, frequently present a dragged, broken-down appearance, after two or three days' severe marching."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

WE copy from the New York Express a notice of the death of an old and true friend, to whom we have often been indebted for counsel and encouragement—and whose aid was effectually given to us in establishing the "Living Age."

## DEATH OF THE VENERABLE THEODORE DWIGHT.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we announce the death of this venerable and worthy man, aged 81 years. He died at the house of his son, Theodore Dwight, jr., this morning, at 4 o'clock, after an illness of a few weeks. For a number of years he had enjoyed unusually good health, with the exception of a rheumatic affection, which caused him to be quite lame. The death of his wife, a few weeks since, also at a very advanced age, and with whom he had lived more than half a century, had the effect to depress his spirits, and he had rarely left the house since. About two weeks ago, he became so prostrate that he has been confined to his bed, since which, without any painful disease, he had become weaker and weaker, until he breathed his last, surrounded by all his children. In his last illness he has been favored with the full vigor of his mind, and has enjoyed, in an unusual degree, the consolations of the Christian religion, which was the rule and guide of a long life. Mr. Dwight has filled a wide space in public affairs, having been an editor of a paper for nearly half a century. He was, since the death of Major Benjamin Russell, formerly of the Boston Sentinel, and Mr. Goodwin of the Hartford Courant, probably the oldest editor living. He was born at Northampton, in 1765. His mother, the daughter of President Edwards, during the trying scenes of the Revolution, was his principal instructor; his brother, the late President Timothy Dwight, of Yale College, being absent as chaplain in the revolutionary army.

His father, about the year 1778, was a pioneer down the Mississippi, and died near Natchez. At the close of the Revolution he entered his uncle's office, the late Judge Pierpont Edwards, as a student at law; and having finished his course, he settled at Hartford, where he soon rose to the head of his profession. He was a great favorite of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, and when that eminent jurist was appointed minister to France, he selected Mr. Dwight to be his private secretary, a post, however, which he declined. Early in life, he was associated with Lemuel Hopkins and Richard Alsop, in a series of poetical numbers, under the title of the Echo and Green House, and which appeared in the Hartford Mercury. They were political and satirical, and were considered of a high order. Mr. Dwight, although in some degree celebrated as a poet, rarely indulged in that branch of literature. He directed his pen more to political writing, and, in high Federal times, became very prominent. He was a great admirer of the politics of Washington and his principles. Being a ready debater and writer, he came into public life early, and was very popular. For a great number of years he was a Senator in the state of Connecticut, and about the year 1809, was elected to Congress. He was a prominent speaker on the floor, and often received the commendations of John Randolph, for his eloquence.

He took a leading part in the debate on the bill for the suppression of that abominable traffic, the

Slave Trade, and it was one of the most gratifying acts of his life, that he was permitted to vote for the final abolition of a trade which had so long disgraced our country. Neither his increasing business at home, nor his habits permitted him to be absent from his family, and he resigned a seat where he had shone most conspicuously. Such was his talent for writing, that before the Evening Post was established, his friends Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Walcott, and other leading Federalists, selected him to preside over the columns of a journal, about to be established, which offer was declined, and William Colman was selected in his place. His pen was not permitted to remain idle, and under the advice of Timothy Pickering, George Cabot, James Hillhouse, Roger Griswold, and other distinguished men, he was called to conduct a Journal at Hartford, the Mirror, and which was the leading political journal in that State during the war.

When the celebrated Hartford Convention assembled, Mr. Dwight was selected to be their secretary, which duty he performed with signal fidelity. The selection was most fortunate, in one particular at least, as he afterwards published to the world the history of that celebrated body, which will always be the leading work in the events of those times.

We believe that, with the exception of Harrison Gray Otis, and perhaps one other member, he was the last survivor of that body of distinguished men.

After the close of the war, viz., 1815, he was induced by the leading federal gentlemen of this State, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Judge William W. Van Ness, Abm. Van Vechten, Elisha Williams and others, to commence the Albany Daily Advertiser, the first daily paper ever started in Albany. After two years' experiment, a favorable opportunity offered for establishing a journal in this city, and in 1817 he united with the writer of this article in publishing the New York Daily Advertiser, and continued associate editor and proprietor until the great fire of 1836, when he relinquished his interest in the concern, and retired, with his family, to Hartford, where he has lived until the last three years, the latter portion of which he has resided with his son.

For the period of about forty years, he was a prominent editor, and rarely passed a day without writing at least one article for the paper. There is probably no man living who has written and published so much as the subject of this article. Nor have we ever known a person to write with greater facility. He had schooled himself to write so correctly, that he never read over his article after it was written, either to correct the sentiment or to prepare it for the press. When he finished the last word, the whole was completed, rarely to be altered.

He was a great student, to the very last. His whole time, when absent from his business, was spent with his family, and always in reading. He rarely visited even his friends, and never, on any occasion, went to a place of amusement.

He made it a rule never to omit reading, daily, a portion of the Scriptures, which were always the rule and guide of his life.

His flow of spirits was most extraordinary, and his flashes of wit were unsurpassed. His society was the most charming that could possibly be conceived.

His knowledge of the political history of this

country, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to within a few years, was perhaps not equalled. He was the personal friend of every prominent Federalist, from John Adams the elder, to the period when that party became disbanded; and there was, perhaps, no man whom they depended on more to advocate their principles, than Mr. Dwight. The friend and companion of Pickering, Fisher Ames, Rufus King, Gov. Griswold, Goodrich, Oliver Ellsworth, Alexander Hamilton, and a host of great men, must have had talents and character of a high order. He was, indeed, among the last of those talented men and pure patriots.

Mr. Dwight was one of the purest men we have ever known. He never uttered a thought or wrote a word he did not implicitly believe. He never adopted the sentiment that "the end justifies the means." He was a sincere and devoted Christian and a patriot. His writings were always on the side of sound morals—he was a friend to law and order, and always sustained the institutions of our country.

He was one of the founders, and for a great number of years an active director, of the American Bible Society, and first drew up the project of erecting the buildings the society now occupy, which, in accordance with his plan, were put up, principally, if not wholly, by gifts made by wealthy individuals. As a father, husband, and friend, he was one of the kindest and most devoted that ever filled these relations. Thousands, who have read his writings and admired his talents, will read the account of his death with sincere regret.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know, that in his last hours he was sustained, in his hopes and confidence, by a merciful Saviour.

THE conclusion of the Oregon Treaty with Great Britain, upon terms honorable to both nations, is an event of the utmost importance to them; and as we think it an indication of the future policy of Great Britain toward the United States, we look forward to a time when we may allow, without check, the full flow toward that nation of all the kindred feeling which parentage, common habits, and a common literature so naturally create.

Here is the beginning of another step to closer intimacy. We copy from the New York Tribune

#### FREE NAVIGATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In the Montreal Weekly Pilot we find an account of a curious discussion in the legislature of the Canadas, on an address to Queen Victoria, proposed by W. H. Merritt, a native of the United States, of the loyalist party, in which it was proposed to make the navigation of the River St. Lawrence free to the ships of all nations, on the same terms as the schooners, &c., of the United States now pass between Lakes Erie and Ontario—through the Welland Canal.

The free navigation of the St. Lawrence was an object anxiously sought after by Messrs. Adams and Clay's administration. Not much is now said about it, but on or near its banks, or the margin of the great lakes, some four or five millions of American citizens have their homes.

Mr. Moffat, a Scotch merchant, representing Montreal, I believe, was in favor of opening the

St. Lawrence to the Americans. He read a dispatch from government to show that it was willing if the measure could be shown to be advantageous.

Mr. W. B. Robinson, brother to the chief justice, believed if the St. Lawrence were to be opened, as the St. John's had been, cargoes would be taken from the West, in the summer months, to Maine and Boston.

The solicitor general (Sherwood) thought that if a measure were proposed by which Canadian vessels could carry on the United States trade, via the St. Lawrence, he would consent to it; but as to a free navigation, the Americans protected their shipping interests.

Mr. Viger (president of the executive council) "was decidedly opposed to admitting American vessels to enter into competition with Canadian. He considered that the man who would allow a foreign power to exercise the sovereignty of its waters would be a traitor to his country." [Mr. V. was confined eighteen months in Montreal jail, on suspicion of being "a traitor to his country," and he is now ready to prove his loyalty by branding others with treason!]

Mr. Baldwin, of Toronto, said, that the more trade the better; and if by opening the St. Lawrence to the Americans we can increase the traffic, the benefit will be ours. As to Mr. V.'s objections, many European rivers were freely navigated by different nations, and it was only proposed to allow the Americans the privileges on a great river which had been already conceded to them on the Welland Canal.

Mr. Cayley supposed it possible that Mr. Merritt wished to carry this address, as a mere threat to frighten the British government.

This subject is continued in the following extracts from the Liverpool correspondent of the Evening Mirror, who is reporting and commenting upon the speech of Lord Stanley against the new corn bill:

"My lords, I say again, that upon this very system of protection rests the whole of your colonial system. I say it rests upon it far more than pecuniary reasons. (Hear, hear.) I know very well the political economists say, 'Cast off protection—let there be free trade all over the world—give full advantages to free trade—let us have no protection imposed for the maintenance of our colonies—cast the colonies away.' My lords, I say adopt that system—I do not doubt the loyalty of the colonies—I do not doubt even their attachment; but I say you shall then have done all in your power to weaken the attachment, to loosen the bonds which tie the colonies to the mother country. Once grant commercial independence, and you may rely upon it, they have made a step towards political independence. I speak of your colonies: you have thrown them open to all other nations; you tell the emigrant who quits your shores, that from the time he leaves England, though he may settle in the British colonies, that he is no more to us than the Frenchman, the Dutchman, the German, or the American—(hear, hear)—you say to him and to your colonists, 'You are entitled to no favor from us; we will give you no protection; don't seek our help; trade with any other country you think fit; you are as much connected with them as with us.' (Hear.)"



His lordship then alluded in much stronger terms to the dispatch which had just been received by the government from Lord Cathcart, the governor general of Canada. For myself I do not apprehend the results which he predicted are very near at hand. The remonstrance, however, coming from such a quarter, has given rise to various surmises. Remarkable as are the circumstances under which this dispatch is published, they are not more remarkable than its contents. Lord Cathcart says:—

"The improvement of the internal communications by water in Canada was undertaken on the strength of the advantage of exporting to England our surplus wheat and flour by Quebec. Should no such advantage exist, the revenue of the province to be derived from the tolls would fail. The means of the province to pay principal and interest on the debt guaranteed by England would be diminished, and the general prosperity of the province so materially affected, as to reduce its revenue derived from commerce, thus rendering it a possible case that the guarantee given to the public creditors would have to be resorted to by them for the satisfaction of their claims.

"The larger portion, nearly all of the surplus produce of Canada, is grown in the western part of it, and if an enactment similar in principle to the duties drawback law should pass Congress, permitting Canadian produce to pass through the United States for shipment, and the English market was open to produce shipped from American ports on as favorable terms as if shipped from Canadian ports, the larger portion of the exports of Upper Canada would find its way through the canals of the State of New York, instead of those of Canada, rendering the St. Lawrence canals comparatively useless. The effect of the duties drawback law has been to transfer the purchase of sugar, tea, and many other goods to New York, from whence nearly all of these articles for the supply of Upper Canada are now imported.

"Should such a change in the export of Canadian produce take place, it will not only injure the Canadian canal, and forwarding trade, but also the shipping interest engaged in carrying these articles from Montreal.

"A change in the corn laws, which would diminish the price the Canadian farmers can now obtain, would greatly affect the consumption of British manufactures in the province, which must depend on the means of the farmers to pay for them. An increased demand and consumption has been very perceptible for the last two years, and is mainly attributable to the flourishing condition of the agricultural population of Upper Canada.

"Even if a relaxation of the system of protection in the colonies is to be adopted, it is of infinite consequence that it should not be sudden. The ruin that such a proceeding would cause is incalculable.

"The political consequences as to the government of the colony involved in the foregoing suggestions are sufficiently obvious, [viz., alienation from the mother country, and annexation to our rival and enemy, the United States,] as also must be those arising from the trade of Upper Canada being as it were transferred from Montreal to New York. This latter consideration belongs, however, less to the operation of the corn laws, though partially connected with that branch of the subject."

The Rochester Democrat, publishes the following letter from Montreal:

The late English news in reference to the corn bill, is considered here as the greatest damper on the prospects of the Canadas than has ever taken place. The provinces cannot compete with the American States in exporting grain, for the very reason that grain is usually double from this port than from New York or Boston. Last fall, when flour was being shipped from the States to Liverpool, for 75 cents per barrel, it cost \$1 50 here, and the insurance paid on cargoes during October and November was 10 per cent—being six times as much as was paid in Boston.

The present sliding scale on grain in England, favors the Canadians 75 per cent. in duties, over the shipments from the United States. If Mr. Peel's bill becomes a law, Canadian products must be shipped through the United States, as it cannot be done by the St. Lawrence to compete with the American shipper.

This act of the British parliament had done more to foster a hostile feeling towards the mother country, than anything for years. Several of the defenders of the administration publicly expressed themselves, in language not to be misunderstood, that if Great Britain won't protect the interests of her colonies, she need not expect her provinces to exhibit loyalty. One leading member of parliament has intimated that it would better the condition of his constituency, if the Canadas were annexed to the United States.

The new drawback law now before our congress, to allow shipments of produce and merchandise from Canada, through the United States to England, is hailed with joy.

If that bill passes, all the products of Upper Canada will pass through the Erie canal, and those of Lower Canada will mostly go through Lake Champlain to New York, and thence to England.

Mr. Walsh, in his letter of 27 May to the National Intelligencer, gives us the complaint of the poor Chinese, and a French application of the doctrine of vested interests:

A few days ago I escorted two American gentlemen to the collection of Chinese articles sent by the French diplomatic mission and the commercial delegation to the department of agriculture and commerce. A permit from the secretary-general enabled us to inspect them before the stated hour of admission. One of my companions was fresh from the Celestial Empire, where he had passed twelve years, the other's residence was six. These competent judges pronounced the collection to be meagre and inferior, not better in any respect than a foreign or native merchant in Canton might casually have in his counting and store-rooms. There are specimens of Eastern tobacco and lump-tea, some peculiar tissues, and a number of sorry pictures. My general inference from all that I have heard and read (and we have very interesting communications from the French commissioners) is that a considerable time must elapse before French trade with China can become of any value and extent. Note the language of the Chinese authorities about Chusan, as reported in the latest advices from Hong Kong:

"In the treaty it is clearly stated that after receiving the total amount of twenty-one millions

of dollars, then the English should restore Ting-hai to China; but there is nothing said about giving it up after granting ingress to the city. Now they have received all the money, and yet can violate the treaty in giving back Ting-hai, which is insatiable covetousness; and moreover they eat their words, saying, let us enter the city, and then we will give up Ting-hai. This shows that they disregard good faith and equity, and are truthless. Setting aside the fact that the people will not permit them to go into the city, yet suppose they do so, still the English will not give up Ting-hai. And, in the third place, it is an old law of the country that foreigners should not enter the cities."

Macao has been declared by the Portuguese government a free port, but countervailing restrictions are imposed. The entry of tobacco is prohibited. Some of the London oracles rejoice in the information of a probable *sugar* crop in the *Punjab*, produce of *free* labor, the Sikhs being conquered.

On the 25th instant, a deputy summoned Mr. Guizot to report to the chamber what he was doing with the government of the United States in relation to the treaty of commerce which France had concluded with Texas, and by which advantages were stipulated for the importation of French products. The deputy regarded the treaty as still existing and operative under the law of nations. Mr. Guizot replied in terms which I shall proceed to translate for you from the official *Moniteur*:

"The question raised by the honorable member is, whatever he may think of it, very delicate and very difficult, and most of the precedents which might be adduced are contrary to the conclusion to which he seems to incline. He will excuse me from entering into any details at present; it is evidently for the interests of France that the treaty of commerce, which was concluded with Texas when independent, should be recognized by the United States, and should subsist notwithstanding the disappearance of Texas as an independent commonwealth. On this head we are in the same situation as England, who had also a special treaty with Texas; the question exists for her as well as for us. This question, I repeat, is very complex and difficult. We discuss it; we negotiate, and we support the interests of our country. But the honorable member cannot desire that interest should clash with right. I beg him not to insist at present; I do not wish to debate the matter here; that might prejudice the interests which I espouse."

The deputy rejoined:

"I shall not pursue the subject; but I must tell the chamber that I greatly fear that the solution of the case will not come, if ever there should be a solution, until after the treaty has been dead and buried."

Your department of state will no doubt do justice to the question, which is really important under the constitution and circumstances of our Union.

From the United States Gazette we copy a letter from a correspondent, whose speculations we have generally read with much respect: it gives a view, probably by a German, of the

#### STATE AND PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

*Antwerp, May 14, 1846.*

We are in possession of the latest news from America up to the 19th April, and the commercial

world and the stock exchange, the true indicators of political apprehensions, have remained perfectly quiet. Rely on it fully, the peace with Europe will not be disturbed by anything that will now occur in Mexico. Both England and France will remain quiet spectators in Mexico. The idea of placing an European prince on the Spanish throne is quite given up as impracticable, inasmuch as it would necessarily lead to a very great expense without doing any permanent good, or producing effects to be relied on for the next ten years. Mexico is inflated by European promises; but Paredes will probably learn to his sorrow that a diplomatic promise is not considered binding on any party, and that promises in diplomacy are always made with a mental reserve, "if the fulfilment shall be conducive to the interest of the promising party." Now it appears that the French-English alliance has for the present reached its culminating point, and it would be dangerous even for Louis Philippe to attempt to push it much further. Louis Philippe rules by the taste for money he has instilled into the French nation; and this taste may not be gratified by a war. A war, therefore, would be suicidal to his dynasty, and as the perpetuation of the latter is the great object of his life, war will not easily be attempted. Moreover, it is sufficient to look over the French Budget of 1847—over the new extraordinary credit that is to be opened to ministers, and on the fact, that the standing deficit amounts to about 40,000,000 francs, which absorbs annually an equal amount of the sinking fund—to perceive at once that the policy of France is for peace, and not for a contest with a great power. The interference of France and England in the affairs of Buenos Ayres cannot be put in the same parallel with an armed interference in the affairs of Mexico and the United States; for the demonstration against Rosas is purely local, while a war with the United States is certain at once to derange all the relations of commerce and navigation.

But the idea that France may join England in active operations against America is preposterous. Even now that war has actually broken out between Mexico and the United States, and the notice passed by the senate, the British press forbears to make any offensive remarks, if we except that stupid paper, "The Standard," which represents an obsolete clique rather than a respectable party in England. France has a sum of 1,000 millions of francs set aside for public works, and will require continued peace to cover her deficit in 1856 (!) England must prepare for financial difficulties, and a political and social revolution from the abolition of the corn laws. This is not the time to go to war, and to entangle beforehand that very commerce which the present administration mean to liberate. France requires the prosecution of her public works for her political safety; for they alone engage a sufficient number of the electors to place the ministerial majority beyond contingency. England must have full commerce if she would compete with her continental rival, and prevent dangerous combinations among her own subjects. It is needless to deny that one of the great inducements to the abolition of the corn laws is the dangerous union of the chartists with the anti-corn-law leaguers—the fact that the systematically starved have counted heads and found the immense disparity between the number of sufferers and oppressors. This is not the time to exact new sacrifices, to levy new taxes. The next general, seri-

ous war England engages in with a great power will not be paid for by the English people, but by wealthy classes who provoke it; and the wealthy classes of all countries are but too peaceably disposed to risk, readily, the certain for the uncertain. England has outgrown her youthful passions, and France is satisfying them in another way. It may have been the interest of these powers to sustain Mexico by words; but Mexico will soon discover that the thing was not meant as seriously as she took it. If they send any agents abroad to solicit aid, they will be advised paternally and in a friendly, neighborly manner to keep the peace, and if they want money they will have to submit to greater sacrifices to obtain it than were demanded by the United States to regulate the Texan frontier. Paredes, if no counter revolution is going on, will find that he has challenged a superior foe, and will at last submit to necessity. The whole matter, in this quarter, is looked upon as episode, not more likely to trouble the peace of Europe than the annexation of Texas has done it. What reason, indeed, could Europe put forward to oppose the United States, after they submitted to the annexation, which is the alleged cause of war with Mexico? England and France had acknowledged the independence of Texas, and England and France admitted that Texas, if willing to be annexed, had a right to do with herself as she thought fit. After such a declaration, the idea of an armed interference is preposterous. England and France must have a better cause to interfere in American affairs, and less at stake to venture upon a similar experiment. On the part of England, a war with the United States partakes always more or less of the character of a civil war, and is accompanied by all its miseries; on that of France, would be unnatural and opposed to those interests which alone support the present dynasty.

As to the Oregon question it has ceased to alarm the good people of Europe, who dread a war at least as much as we do, and want nothing more than a speedy settlement of the vexatious question. The notice which has passed the senate has, as you will have seen from the prints, produced quite a favorable impression. It is looked upon as a measure of peace, not of war; and as simplifying, not perplexing the question. I have been of that opinion all along, though perchance you may have put little faith in my predictions. I have the pleasure to repeat to you the advance of the speedy abolition of the corn laws in the course of the regular business of both houses. I am afraid I look upon the probable effect of that bill, as very different from that which is generally anticipated. The changes which in my opinion, it is likely to effect, will be more of a political than a commercial character, and affect the internal organization of the British empire more than its foreign relations. If bread become cheap, and the manufacturers expect to lower wages in proportion, that is if the capitalists of England continue to look upon labor as merchandize to be regulated by demand and supply, and not as the set of human beings who in return for the same have a right to demand bread, and that bread in sufficient quantity to support themselves, the abolition of the corn law, will be but the forerunner of organic changes in the British constitution, or such violent agitation as will endanger the existing government. But if the wages of labor do not decrease, then the British manufacturer will not be able to undersell his con-

tinental competitor, and thus be the more dependent for his exchanges on the American market.

But whatever may take place, the power of the merchant and manufacturer which will be increased by the abolition of the corn laws, at the expense of the landed proprietors will not be wielded against us. Merchants and manufacturers cannot, from the nature of their business, forego an immediate and direct benefit for the sake of a distant contingency, and are therefore, not likely to break with their best customers, for the purpose of adding a few square miles of woodland to this or that territory. At present the power of the landed aristocracy of England, comprises not only the nobles, but all their respectable farmers, who, being entirely dependent on them for their loaves, are disposed of, politically, like the servants of the nobility. When the corn laws shall be abolished, rents will be governed by commercial principles—by the prices of corn generally, and not by the artificial standard fixed by a privileged class. Thus land will have a market value, regulated by demand and supply, and the relation of landlord and tenant will be changed into buyers and sellers. This will virtually emancipate the farmer and uncover the nobility. The latter will become an isolate class, stripped of the best part of its patronage, and incapable of dividing the community into two great halves, of which one was entirely devoted to their interests. The consequences of such a revolution are not easily foreseen, but they cannot but be tremendous, implying greater dangers for the safety of existing institutions, than any that might attend a forcible attempt to change the condition of the laboring class. If the English nobility consent to such an arrangement, they must consider their position altogether hopeless, and a formal denial only as the means of precipitating events. These considerations lead one to believe firmly in the continuation of peace. Whatever triumph may have followed British arms in distant climes, Great Britain cannot stand much more agitation within, and no foreign war she can wage, would bring these internal agitations so soon to a crisis, as one with the United States. I have now put the finger on the sore place, which is worth an army to America, and requires the presence of one in England. Remember the chartists' petition to parliament, embraced *four millions of signatures*, and these chartists are now, partially at least, moving with the anti-corn-law league.

The Polish revolution has lost its historical character, but continues still to operate powerful changes in political economy. The relation of landlord and tenants is about to be changed all over Galicia, and in part also in Bohemia, Moravia, and the Slavonian provinces of Hungary and Transylvania. The consequence may be an amelioration of the condition of the peasant; but the government, which has been hitherto the most aristocratic in Europe, has thereby assumed a hostile attitude to the nobility, which has thus far proved its main support. And the government, by giving to the peasant what it promised him, has lost its power of contenting him in future. But the best part of the whole conduct of Austria is that she is now again reduced to borrowing money to meet her current expenditures, and that, in all probability Austria is on the eve of another, her fourth State bankruptcy.

The condition of Russia is not much better. She, too, has to contract a new loan to repair her immense losses in the Caucasus, and to defray the



expenses of the annihilation of Poland. Russia may find amateurs on the various exchanges of Europe; but Amsterdam and Berlin, heretofore the bankers of the Czar, have declined henceforth to be distinguished by that honor.

Prussia has opened a vent to her difficulties by issuing 10,000,000 thalers through the bank of Berlin; but the measure is new, and may lead to embarrassments in the future. Let the cabinet at Berlin be once in the power of the moneyed men, and it will soon *receive*, not make, the laws of the country. No one has as yet conjured up the power of money without becoming in the end its slave. All constitutional governments of Europe, all revolutions in the old world, owe their origin to financial embarrassments. The deficit produced the convocation of the national congress, and even protestant Holland did not revolt against bigoted Spain till the exaction of the tenth penny! We wish Prussia luck on her setting out on her new career. It is quite time she should give up playing soldiers and take an active share in the appropriate improvements of the times.

It is now almost certain that Baron Roenne will, after all, resign the presidency of the newly organized chamber of commerce in Berlin, and that the director of imposts Mr. Kruse, will take his place. The latter is a free trader, and a most thorough creature of Great Britain. Political, not commercial motives, are supposed to be the origin of this movement. The King of Prussia, who is everything by halves, is afraid of lending his influence to a policy which might be considered as offensive to England, while, on the other hand, he is equally undetermined to assume publicly the part of an opponent of protection. In this unsettled state of things, the new Zollverein conferences convoked at Berlin do not promise to become very interesting, or decisive to German industry. Nothing serious will be attempted on either side. But it is quite likely the Verein itself may undergo some changes, the south uniting with Austria, and the north with Prussia, in a peculiar system of customs.

In proportion as the particulars of the contemplated constitution for Prussia become known, the project itself ceases to have any meaning. The Prussian parliament will contain advising, not deliberating members, who will talk, write and publish, but do nothing as becomes the philosophers of the Kepsic school. As an offset the liberal king—the comedian I mean—has ordered the extradition of the Polish prisoners who were not taken by the Prussians; but who voluntarily surrendered to Prussia, as the most civilized and enlightened of the three powers who had united to effect her ruin. This dastardly act of the impotent man has produced an incredible sensation in Germany; but the patience of the Germans will long endure what their hearts abominate, and their heads despise. The mean spirit of the king is the more reprehensible as he has of late been subjected to every species of humiliation from the Emperor of Russia, (his brother-in-law,) who first lectured him like a schoolboy, as to the best mode of governing his country, and then left him without ceremony; having since repeatedly visited almost every country in Europe except that of his brother-in-law, and having prohibited the empress on her return to St. Petersburg, to visit her brother in Berlin. So you see Prussia, as I always told you, is still wavering between England and Russia, but equally though not overtly opposed to France and the United States.

The revolutions in Spain and Portugal are again put down at much expense of blood and treasure; but it is difficult to tell the number of days and hours Isturiz is about to govern. I believe his days are numbered, and that Spain will not be quiet until the queen mother who sets her virgin daughter the most infamous example of political treachery and lewd debauch, shall have been banished the country. This is the opinion in part of the conservative journals of England and France, and shows the degree of moral detestation entertained for her life and character. Narvaez has gone as minister to Naples; the queen refusing the blood money he asked beforehand for undertaking to quell the insurrection. The species of negotiations however, remains unique in the annals of constitutional governments. Italy continues forcibly quiet, so is the rest of Europe by mere force. These governments are all the time sailing under high pressure; having at each stroke to overcome the resistance of the common medium, and yet there are many who believe that because a great power is active somewhere, that power must also be productive of corresponding results.

Of the Mexican war, the Spectator of the 30th May thus speaks:

The United States and Mexico are fairly at war. Mexico strikes the first blow; crossing the Texan frontier, and inflicting on the American general something very like defeat. General Scott and reinforcements of men and treasure are to be hurried to the boundary. Of course the United States will conquer eventually—that is, if they manage to avoid giving European states occasion to mingle in the quarrel; for, independently of superior determination of purpose, the United States could expend resources in the war, dollar for dollar, in a sanguinary game at “beggar my neighbor,” and bankrupt their antagonist without sustaining any vital injury. But there may be much trouble in the process: the wolf seems likely to find that *this* lamb may bite. And, biting or not, the slaughter will be costly. Congress has voted ten millions of dollars, and much more will be needed: voting money is easy, collecting it is a different matter. “Base is the slave that pays,” and brother Jonathan is no “nigger;” he detests paying taxes; and so congress must borrow. Borrow!—of whom? who will lend on American securities? The credit of Mexico herself is not so low in the European markets.

*Pictures from Italy.* By CHARLES DICKENS. (No. LXIII. of Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.)

THE greater part of these descriptions, as the author informs us, were written on the spot, and sent home, from time to time, in private letters. As penned in the fullness of the subject, and with the liveliest impressions of novelty and freshness, they will be all the more acceptable to those who have been wearied out by the stiff and formal delineations contained in the great mass of books of travel, upon Italy especially. The peculiar life and humor of Mr. Dickens are everywhere agreeably exhibited. “If my book,” he says, “has even a fanciful and idle air, perhaps the reader will suppose it written in the shade of a sunny day, in the midst of the objects of which it treats, and will like it none the worse for having such influences upon it.”—*Protestant Churchman.*